SETTLEMENT
OF
DUXBURY.

1637--1887.

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H. Lawton
from
Mr. G. W. Wright.

CELEBRATION TENT AND GROUNDS.

THE

Two Hundred and Fiftieth

ANNIVERSARY

—OF THE—

SETTLEMENT OF DUXBURY,

JUNE 17, 1887.

PLYMOUTH:
AVERY & DOTEN, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
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"They who on glorious ancestry enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge."

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PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

On the 7th of June, 1637, old style, the General Court of the Plymouth Colony passed the following act:

"June 7th, 1637. It is enacted by the Court that Ducksborrow shall become a towneship and unite together for their better securitie and to have the p'veledges of a towne onely their bounds and limmits shalbe sett and appoynted by the next Court."

The difference between the old style and the new in 1637 was ten days, and consequently the 17th of June, new style, represents the date of the incorporation of Duxbury. At the annual meeting of the town, held on the 4th of April, 1887, in view of the fact that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation would occur within the year, it was voted:

"That it is the sense of this meeting to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the Town's incorporation, and that the sum of $300 be guaranteed by the Town for the celebration."

It was also voted:

"To choose a committee of twelve to take charge of the celebration, and they have power to add more to said committee if needed."

In accordance with the second vote, a committee was chosen consisting of:

Laurence Bradford,	Wm. J. Wright,
Levi P. Simmons,	Samuel Loring,
Hambleton E. Smith,	Wm. J. Alden, Jr.,
George Bradford,	Frederick B. Knapp,
Josephus Dawes,	J. W. Swift,
Benjamin G. Cahoon,	LeBaron Goodwin.

The Committee was subsequently enlarged by the appointment of:

George W. Wright,	John W. Tower,
John S. Loring,	John B. Hollis, Jr.,
Josiah Peterson,	Albert M. Thayer.

The organization of the Committee was effected by the choice of William J. Wright, Chairman; William J. Alden, Jr., Secretary, and John S. Loring, Treasurer.

Immediate steps were taken by the Committee to secure by subscription a guarantee fund, which proving satisfactory, the Committee entered at once upon the preparation of details for the celebration.

It was decided that the exercises of the day should consist of a sunrise and sunset salute, accompanied by the ringing of bells, a Grand Army review, an open air concert, a procession, an oration, a dinner, field sports, fireworks, and a ball.

The following sub-committees were appointed to have charge of the various features of the celebration:

Of Reception—J. B. Hollis, Jr.

On Fireworks—J. W. Swift.

On Dinner—George Bradford, John S. Loring, Wm. J. Alden, Jr.

On Tents—John S. Loring.

On Guns—William J. Wright.

On Ball—Levi P. Simmons, Wm. J. Alden, Jr., James McNaught.

On Transportation—John W. Tower.

On Field Sports—Frederick B. Knapp.

On Music—Benjamin G. Cahoon.

On Grounds—J. W. Swift, Levi P. Simmons, Benjamin G. Cahoon.

James Downey was appointed Chief Marshal, who selected as his aids Samuel Atwell, Jr., James H. Killian, John H. Haverstock, and George B. Wright.

It was voted to invite Justin Winsor, Esq., to deliver the oration, and his acceptance was reported to the Committee.

It was also voted to invite the Collingwood Post, No. 76, of Plymouth, the William Wadsworth Post 165, of Duxbury, the Martha Sever Post, No. 154, of Kingston, of the Grand Army; the Grand Canton Bunker Hill, I. O. O. F., of Charlestown, the Sagamore Encampment, No. 54, I. O. O. F., of Plymouth, the Adams Lodge,

No. 189, I. O. O. F., of Kingston, and the Mattakeeset Lodge, No. 110, I. O. O. F., of Duxbury, to take part in the clebration.

If was further voted to invite as guests of the Town the following gentlemen:

His Excellency, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States.

His Excellency, Oliver Ames, Governor of Massachusetts, and staff.

His Honor, J. Q. A. Brackett, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Executive Council.

" George F. Hoar, United States Senate.

" John D. Long, United States House of Representatives.

Gen. Samuel Dalton, Adjutant-General of the Commonwealth.

Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Hon. Edgar J. Sherman, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth.

Hon. H. J. Boardman, President of Massachusetts Senate.

Hon. Jubal C. Gleason, Massachusetts Senate.

Hon. Charles J. Noyes, Speaker of Massachusetts House of Representatives.

C. B. Tillinghast, Esq., Assistant State Librarian.

Capt. J. G. B. Adams, Sergeant-at-Arms.

E. Herbert Clapp, Esq., Clerk of Massachusetts Senate.

Col. George W. Campbell, Secretary of the Governor.

Col. Leverett Saltonstall, Collector of Boston.

Gen. John M. Corse, Postmaster of Boston.

William J. Dale, Jr., Esq., Assistant Postmaster of Boston.

Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, United States Marshal.

Rev. George E. Ellis, D. D., President of Massachusetts Historical Society.

Abner C. Goodell, Esq., President of New England Historic Genealogical Society.

Hon. Curtis Guild, President of Bostonian Society.

Justin Winsor, Esq., Librarian of Harvard College.

Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Librarian of Boston Library.

" Robert C. Winthrop, Boston.

" George B. Loring, Salem.

" Charles Levi Woodbury, Boston.

" John D. Washburn, Worcester.

" Edward S. Tobey, Boston.

" William T. Davis, Plymouth.

" Stephen M. Allen, Boston.

" B. W. Harris, East Bridgewater.

" Matthew H. Cushing, Middleboro.

" Peleg McFarlin, Carver.

Rev. Frederick N. Knapp, Plymouth.

" Edward Everett Hale, Boston.

" Henry M. Dexter, D. D., New Bedford.

" James B. Dunn.

Hon. Benjamin S. Lovell.

Hon. Philander Cobb, Kingston.

J. Henry Stickney, Esq., Baltimore.

Charles Deane, L. L. D., Cambridge.

Francis Parkman, Esq., Boston.

Col. William E. Taylor, "

" Henry W. Wilson, "

" Henry Walker, "

L. Miles Standish, Esq., "

Francis Collamore, M. D., Pembroke.

James B. Brewster, M. D., Plymouth.

James Wilde, M. D., Duxbury.

J. R. Kendrick, Esq., General Manager Old Colony Railroad.

J. H. French, Esq., Superintendent Old Colony Railroad.

George G. Dyer, Esq., Plymouth.
Capt. Charles C. Doten, "
Winslow W. Avery, Esq., "
William S. Danforth, Esq., "
William S. Morissey, Esq., "
William W. Brewster, Esq., "
Miles Standish, Esq., New York.
John H. Parks, Esq., Duxbury.
John Alden, Esq., Duxbury.
Samuel P. Soule, Joshua W. Swift, George Weston, } Selectmen of Duxbury.
Francis P. Arnold, Esq., Pembroke.
John H. Bourne, Esq., Marshfield.
Robert A. Southworth, Esq., Charlestown.
Samuel Snow, Esq.
Henry Winsor, Esq., Philadelphia.
Joshua Merrill, Esq.
George M. Baker, Esq., Marshfield.
Thomas Chandler, Esq., Duxbury.
William C. Burrage, Esq., Boston.
George H. Norman, Esq., Boston.

RESIDENCE OF GEORGE W. WRIGHT, ESQ.

The day of the celebration was all that could be desired,—cloudy in the morning, but with a clear sky and a warm sun, while the exercises were going on, tempered by light airs from the sea. At an early hour, the Grand Army Posts gathered at the South Duxbury Station, and from thence proceeded to Soule's Corner, where, in accordance with the programme, a review was held, followed by a concert by the American Band, of South Weymouth, at the station. At half past ten, on the arrival of the train from Boston, His Excellency, the Governor, was received with a salute of seventeen guns, and the procession was speedily formed to march through the Main street and by Hall's Corner, to the tents pitched on the grounds of George W. Wright, Esq., at the north end of the village.

The procession marched in the following order:

Chief Marshal James Downey.

Aids: — Samuel Atwell, Jr., James H. Killian, John H. Haverstock, George B. Wright.

Silver Fife and Drum Corps, of Plymouth.

Collingwood Post, No. 76, of Plymouth. Commander: A. O. Brown.

William J. Wright, Esq., the President of the Day, and invited guests in carriages, including

His Excellency, the Governor, and Staff; Justin Winsor, Esq., the Orator of the Day; Hon. H. J. Boardman, Hon. Charles J. Noyes, Adjutant-General Samuel Dalton,

Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Hon. George B. Loring, Hon. John D. Long, Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Hon. William T. Davis, Hon. B. W. Harris, Hon. Stephen M. Allen, Hon. Charles L. Woodbury, Rev. Frederick N. Knapp, Rev. George M. Bodge, Capt. J. G. B. Adams, L. Miles Standish, Esq., Charles Deane, Esq.

American Band, of South Weymouth.

William Wadsworth Post, No. 165, of Duxbury. Commander: John W. Tower.

Martha Sever Post, No. 154, of Kingston. Commander: George E. Owens.

Randolph Band.

Grand Canton Bunker Hill, I. O. O. F., of Charlestown. Commandant: Major E. W. Brown.

Plymouth Band.

Sagamore Encampment, No. 54, I. O. O. F., of Plymouth. Commander: Major S. H. Doten.

Adams Lodge, No. 189, I. O. O. F., of Kingston.

Mattakeeset Lodge, No. 110, I. O. O. F., of Duxbury.

Citizens of Duxbury and adjoining towns.

At half past twelve o'clock the spacious tent in which the oration was to be held was filled, and William J. Wright, Esq., the President of the Day, introduced Rev. Frederick N. Knapp, of Plymouth, who opened the exercises with a fervent prayer. The following hymn, written by Rev. G. M. Bodge, was then sung, to the tune of Duke Street:

HYMN.

Our Father's God, with fervent praise
Of heart and voice, we come to thee;
Their children's children's hands we raise
Toward heaven, and know they still are free.

Old ocean's billows swell and beat,
In ceaseless roll along our shore;
And with our hearts to-day repeat
The precious names the "Mayflower" bore.

Their noble zeal, their high intent,
Thro' doubts and darkness found the way;
To all their age a glory lent, —
The dawn-light of a brighter day.

Their spirit still to us impart,
Their holy heritage to keep, —
Freedom and faith, in hand and heart,
While oceans roll, and centuries sweep.

The President then said:

In behalf of the Town of Duxbury, I welcome you all on this, the 17th day of June, our two hundred and fiftieth anniversary; a day to which the battle of Bunker Hill has given a National fame, and a never fading glory. We have with us as invited guests many distinguished gentlemen, from whom at a later hour you will hear patriotic and eloquent words, but my simple duty now is to introduce to you one whom you all honor, and who as a native of your town does honor to you, Justin Winsor, Esq., the Orator of the Day.

ORATION.

I PRAY you let the dissolving view of another scene than this come to your inner vision. Picture yourselves at the doorstone of Miles Standish in the declining hours of a day in June, two centuries and a half ago. Gaze attentively upon the knots of people looking out upon the placid waters of yonder bay, and turning their eyes upon a mellowing sky beyond the Kingston Hills.

You can hardly mistake the master of the house. His three-and-fifty years have left some, if not heavy, marks upon a frame that in his younger days had borne the severities of campaigns in regular armies, and in his sterner manhood had endured the rigors of the wilderness. But you can see that his face still has the volatile lines which mark a nature quick in passion. His eye has still the alertness and his motions the rapidity of those earlier days when he fought in Flanders, and of the latter ones when he braved the braggart Pecksuot in the cabin at Wessagusset, or quelled by his daring the revolt of Corbitant. We know by the inventory of his books that the "Commentaries of Cæsar" was a household volume; and we may well conjecture how, with his children and Hobamok looking on, he could trace upon the sand, and place pebbles to mark, the marches and camps of the Roman Legions in Gaul. He was now, as he continued to be for a score of years yet left to him, trusted in the counsels of the civil government of the colony, and it may be upon his urgency in the Court of Assistants on the morrow that Duxbury is to enter upon her corporate existence. We may well imagine, in view of this con-

templated action, how this little gathering of neighbors was formed as a last conference in the scant community, which for five years had been taking up its house-lots along the margin of the bay, and was now combining, after the promptings of their English birthright, to secure their own local government.

Of the Court which was to decide upon their petition in the morning, there were others besides Standish who might well have attended this supposable conference. There was Edward Winslow, who had settled at Green-harbor, as Marshfield was then called, probably occupying a temporary summer shelter there at as early a period as when on the hillocks along the Duxbury shore others of the Plymouth people had begun to build their rude houses. It was just about the time which we are now considering that Winslow had built himself a more commodious lodging, in which he might dare to brave the winter, and had dignified his estate with a name associated with his ancestral line; for he and Standish were the only ones of the first comers whose family stock seems to have been above the yeoman class. There was no definition yet of the bounds of the proposed new town; and it was to surround if not to include Winslow's grant at Marshfield, and to stretch, as was determined some years later, to the North River. Much the same reason had lured Winslow to make a permanent abiding place at Greenharbor as had brought Standish and the rest to settle along the Duxbury fields, and as three years later Winslow with his neighbors at Greenharbor were to seek incorporation in the same way; and as he was to make part of the Court to determine upon the application of those of Duxbury, we may well imagine him to have joined this probable group. The name which had been selected for the new town, and which for some years had

been commonly applied to the settlement on this side of the bay, was a reminiscence of Standish's early days and of his connection with an ancestral line which centred its history in family estates in Lancashire, known to this day as Standish Hall and Duxbury Hall. The somewhat lordly promises of Standish's will, for the benefit of his son Alexander and his descendants, give a little pleasant flavor of baronial state to the decidedly democratic feeling of the early Plymouth records. It helps us to understand the two somewhat opposing phases of Standish's character, — the sympathetic, companionable nature that impelled him into the simple ways and homely fortunes of the Pilgrims, and that reserve and perhaps hauteur of individualism which never forgot his inherited rights.

Standish seems, if we may trust the records, to have brought to the Pilgrim store small riches compared with that somewhat profuse wealth which his will represents him as having been surreptitiously deprived of; or at least he stands on the lists of rate-payers of the little colony far below Winslow and Collier, the other members of the Court of Assistants for this year, from this part of the bay and beyond. Riches to these early settlers consisted not so much in land as in the ability to work it, in the cattle they could feed, and in the merchandise they could order from England. Now that the settlements of Massachusetts Bay were well established and prospering, the Plymouth people, — who had largely increased their herds and flocks from the small importation of three heifers and a bull, which had been brought over in 1624, — found a quick sale for any surplus in the necessities of the Massachusetts people; and Bradford offers serious complaint that the accumulation of riches, and the methods to that end, were making sad changes

in the quiet, self-centred little community which but a few years before had made the town of Plymouth homogeneous and content. This increase of their stock had induced them to move farther and farther from the town to find pasturage; and where a summer sojourn had sufficed at first, a permanence of settlement, provided with all the relief and aids by which the winter could be combated, necessarily soon followed, breaking up connections with the parent church at Plymouth, and at one time causing almost the desertion of that town. It was not without grievous presentiments of evils to come in this train of events, that Bradford records these beginnings of the towns of Duxbury and Marshfield. His fears that the division of the church would lead to political independence in local affairs was only too evident some years before it came; and Bradford must confront the inevitable issue at the sitting of the Court on the next day, for which this little conference was preparing.

Plymouth had in fact by this time ceased to be the chief home of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims. Bradford was the only one of the first comers of much consideration remaining in that town. It stirred him deeply to find how the chief men had abandoned the places which had been hallowed by their early sufferings. Brewster, Standish, Winslow, Alden, Howland, and two of their companions in that fateful voyage of whom we hear less, George Soule and Henry Sampson, — every one was now living on the Duxbury side and adjacent. Of those who had come later, Collier and Prince and the sons of Brewster were their neighbors here. What Plymouth thus early lost she has never regained; and the "Mayflower" blood in the male lines, except as descendants of these Duxbury settlers have returned to the old home,

make no longer an appreciable part of her population. I recall how forty years ago, as a boy, smitten with the love of genealogy, I traced down the widening lines of descent from the "Mayflower," and found, as it seemed to me, half the people of this town possessed of the strain of the Pilgrim blood.

Of more marked bearing, perhaps, than either Standish or Winslow, is he who is the eldest by much of all who are gathered before us, and whose memory goes back for nearly seventy years. How should we like to-day that instrument, which the scientists say we may one day possess, to take from the air still palpitating with the undulating words of this reverend man his discourse, as he stands there in reverie, turning aside it may be at times to impart to Ralph Partridge, the new-come minister of the town, the shifting visions of the past! There was, indeed, little in the scene before him, — the waters streaked with the vagrant breezes, the rosy flush that lay over the distant hills of Plymouth, the purple mass of Manomet, and the woody headland of the Gurnet peering above the dusky outline of yonder island, — little in all this to bring back, except by contrast, that village of Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, where he passed his childhood. Think for a moment of this aged Christian teacher, and of this doughty soldier, passing among his guests and coming to the other's side, and of the contrasts and startling visions which might have come and gone, dissolving in their minds, — Brewster, who might well have copied for Secretary Davison, his master, the death warrant of the Catholic Mary Queen of Scots; and Standish, with his recollections of the campaigns in Flanders, where, scion of a Catholic stock himself, we are told that his sword had been wielded against the Spanish Romanists! Think, again, how the

RESIDENCE OF OLIVER L. BRIGGS, ESQ.

hoary associations of the storied halls along the Cam might have poured upon the mind of Brewster, as he recalled his life at the English university, when at Peterhouse College nearly sixty years before he had laid the foundations of a learning which for many years was the most considerable possessed by any among the Pilgrims. As we look upon him now, he seems almost like a relic of a by-gone generation. The courtiers he had met, the scholars he had known, must have come and gone in his memory like the stalking shapes of a dream. We can imagine how in his moments of reminiscence, as his thoughts went back to the friends of his early manhood, his heart if not his foot trod the Bay Path to the Massachusetts settlements, over which Partridge had so lately travelled. This new-comer could tell him how the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford had within these seven years sent their most heroic souls into this neighboring wilderness. But nearly all these men were quite a generation the juniors of Brewster. Partridge could tell him of a contemporary at the University, — Nathaniel Ward, — and of the beginning of his ministry at Agawam in the Massachusetts, where his active intelligence made him a few years later the draftsman of the "Body of Liberties" of that sturdier colony. Partridge could tell him, too, of the men of his own college, Trinity; and every message from the Bay brought word of what John Cotton had said in Boston, or Thomas Welde in Roxbury, or Hugh Peters in Salem. Brewster could point to a fellow collegian of Peterhouse — long after him to be sure — in John Norton, to whom they had listened in Plymouth for the winter, a year or two before.

Recall, if you will, some of the other names which Massachusetts preserves, bearing thither from the University of Cambridge the memories of her halls, and

awakening in the breast of William Brewster the tender affiliations of fellowship in learning, as he heard of their coming to carry a stout heart, and to press on with simple, earnest endeavor in breaking out the primordial pathways of a nation. The Pilgrims' shallop, as it explored the coast to the northward, must have brought to him word, even before the coming of Winthrop, of that mysterious recluse, William Blaxton, who pre-empted in 1625 the site of the future Boston. Other Cambridge men whose wandering hither was not unknown to him were Francis Higginson, of Salem; Roger Williams, who but a year or two before the time we are now considering had fled from Salem to Plymouth, to be hardly more welcome there with the upheavals of his instincts; Thomas Hooker, who had but a twelvemonth before led a migrating community from the banks of the Charles to the valley of the Connecticut, — a migration not without influence, as we shall see, upon the vote to be passed to-morrow; the godly Shepard, who had taken the place which Hooker had left, little suspecting then that the unknown John Harvard, bringing with him the Puritanism of Emmanuel, at this very moment, when Brewster's reverie might have turned his spiritual eye to the future of learning in New England, was crossing the Atlantic with a dream of the great university shadowy in his mind, and bearing among his books, as we know from the list preserved in the College records, the Essays of John Robinson, the pastor of the Pilgrims.

To a man of Brewster's learning, as Bradford describes it to us, the coming of Ralph Partridge to him as a neighbor must have produced grateful recollections of the associations of Cambridge in contrast to a time twenty years later than his own, and when

Puritanism had made Emmanuel its stronghold. He could well remember how at Peterhouse he had acquired in the first instance his Puritan tendency, and how, as he left Cambridge for more stirring fields, it was still under the Puritan diplomatist Davison that he got his first glimpses of the Low Countries, so that when some years later he went thither into exile it was not to a land wholly unknown to him. It was this same Puritan Davison who later interceded to get him the office of postmaster in his native village, which his father had held before him, and which, through the control that it gave him of relays on the great post-route to the north, offered him a position of not a little local importance. Here it was in the habitable portion of an ancient manor-house of the archbishops of York, the postmaster William Brewster passed nearly twelve years of his early maturity, — years which proved to be the turning-point of his life. The motive and effect of that change of life, which had heretofore known its due share of the bustle of the world, we can well understand when we read that tribute to his character which has come down to us from the pen of Bradford, and which enables us from what he was in this cardinal period of his life to conjecture the man he was to become in the ripening of time. His friend tells us of Brewster's grave and deliberate utterance; of his humble, modest, and inoffensive demeanor; of his cheerful spirit, not dismayed by trial, and always rising above the worst that could beset him; and of his tenderness, particularly for those who had been driven to extremities for which their life had not prepared them. If such was the native character of the man, it is not surprising that when that flock of English folk scattered about Scrooby in the three counties of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire had been drawn together

and needed a friend earnest to protect them, they found one in William Brewster. The pity he felt for an inoffensive, humble people harried by the minions of the law, very easily became, as it happened, joined to the admiration which he could feel for such a servitor and minister as they had in John Robinson. This pastor and his principal follower were sharers by nature in all that was tender, tolerant, and hopeful in their religious feelings. Of Robinson's scholarship, — for he, too, was of Cambridge, though a dozen years later than Brewster, — his companion was to know the deepest and to honor the broadest part. It was through Brewster's welcome in his ancient manor-house that Robinson and his flock now found a place of meeting, when by stealth, or as best they could, they met for mutual comfortings and for the service of prayer.

We may well suppose that Partridge listened to a story like this with the interest natural to one whom fortune had thrown among a people who had found a common inheritance in all the tender recollections of such a life as the older of the first comers had experienced. He could but see in the veneration felt for their ancient elder that the wisdom of Brewster, as it had been the guide of his neighbors, must be his own in his ministration to this people in the coming years. From Brewster he must learn their individual traits; he must know the joys and miseries of each household, the aspirations of one person, the estrangements of another; and he must walk with him among the graves at Harden Hill, and listen to the completion of the family histories in the enumerations of those that are gone.

I cannot now detail the whole course of that story which Brewster must have told to his new helper whenever he easily reverted, as old men do, to the memories

of their younger days; of the imprisonment which he suffered; of the flight with the congregation of Scrooby to Holland, — first to Amsterdam, where they found other English who had preceded them, and in whose controversies over the questions of bodices and high heels they were little inclined to join as a thing worth the enduring of exile. Brewster must have told him how they parted with their less spiritual countrymen and passed on to Leyden, destined to be so long their home. You know the straits to which they submitted, — poverty, and hard labor for a living; but never forgetting the land which drove them forth. They who, as Bradford said, had been used "to a plain country life and the innocent trade of husbandry," were thus thrown into a strange city and forced to learn a strange tongue. We can well imagine how Partridge, who had been a Church of England clergyman, would listen to this wonderful story, — of Robinson holding all together by his tact and by his love; of his gaining the respect of the Leyden University, which is illustrious with the names of Arminius, Scaliger, and Grotius; of his publicly disputing with the professors, when he had been honored with membership of their learned body; and of his contributing by his acquirements and sweetness to that repute which they enjoyed with the Dutch, and which the honesty and orderliness of the less learned among these outcast English helped to intensify. Brewster might well revert to his honorable calling then as a schoolmaster, teaching English through the Latin to Dutch, Dane, or German, as either required it. He might also recount how when later in their sojourn a young English gentleman had joined them, bringing doubtless some little capital to work with, so that Brewster and Winslow (perchance this same gentleman comes up now to the

front to listen to the recital) could set up a press and print for clandestine introduction into England the doctrinal books and tracts that the licensers of the English press had prohibited.

Standish himself might have joined in the talk, too, and told what we to-day would be glad to know, — just how he chanced to join this exiled people. It has been claimed of late years with some show of plausibility by Dr. Shea, the most eminent of the native Catholic writers on American history, that the fact (uncontroverted I believe) that Standish never became covenanted with the Pilgrim Church, coupled to the other fact (equally unchallenged I think) that he belonged to a Lancashire family, then as now one of the well-known Catholic families of the realm, afforded ground for holding the Duxbury captain to be one of that faith. These facts do not certainly prove it, nor yet is the allegation positively disproved by anything we know. If Standish were a Catholic, it may or may not have been known to his leading associates in the colony. To suppose they knew it, and because of his helpfulness to have ignored it, is but a step further than to have trusted him as they did when he was without the pale of their covenant. If Bradford had survived him to write his character as he wrote Brewster's, we might possibly have been informed. As it is, we inherit a mystery.

But, see! there is a new comer to our Leyden group. Who is that fair and rosy woman, bewitching one may well believe her to be, as she dismounts from the pillion behind John Alden, greets Barbara Standish, — the Captain's wife, — as she trips along in the early development of her matronly comeliness, glancing at the Captain himself, in remembrance of the incident which Longfellow has immortalized, and draws near to pay her affectionate

homage to Elder Brewster, — who but that Priscilla who so witchingly said, "Prithee, why don't you speak for yourself, John?" She makes in the group a new element, for in her veins courses the blood of the Huguenots; and out of the Church of the Walloons in Leyden came the name of Molines, changed to Mullins, and Delanoye, which we now know as Delano.

And so in these years of their exile in Holland the Pilgrim Church grew to about three hundred souls; but with all their outward prosperity there was a spirit of unrest. It grieved their English hearts to see their young men growing up with foreign ways, marrying Dutch maidens and joining the Dutch marine. The truce of Holland with Spain, soon to expire, might bring upon them the clash of arms in a country not their own. They said to one another, "Let us go hence to save this English blood of ours." "Let us go and carry Christ to the New World," said Edward Winslow.

There is no time to-day to rehearse the story which the narrative of Bradford has made clear to us, of the hard bargain which some English merchants forced upon them in their negotiations for the money necessary for their transfer to America. Here in William Collier is one of those same London merchants who could tell us the whole story. He is one of the two or three of the seventy merchants who had heart enough in the migration to come over to share its burdens; and he had already settled, in company with Prince and Jonathan Brewster, along the line of what we know as the shore road to Kingston. Prince had married a daughter of Collier, as had also Love Brewster, another son of the Elder. William Brewster himself had participated in those counsels for the outfit, but we cannot follow them now. Hard as the terms were, they were accepted; and such

of them as were to part with the major portion of the Church that remained behind with Robinson passed their last night in Leyden with feasting and psalms. Who would not wish that we had preserved to us in his very words the farewell address which Robinson made to them; but it unfortunately has only come down to us as it floated in the memory of Edward Winslow many years later, — with its exalted tenderness, its far-seeing wisdom, and its lofty, tolerant purpose.

We may suppose Brewster to have retired with the falling dews to his home, and to have left Alden to rehearse to Partridge the continuance of the story. There were three of the "Mayflower" settlers now in Duxbury who belonged to the class of which Alden was the most conspicuous member, — unless, perhaps, John Howland be excepted. These were men not of the Leyden stock, but hired by the company, or apprenticed or bound to some of the leading men at their immigration. In this way, though at coming a man of twenty-seven, John Howland was a member of Governor Carver's family; George Soule, at this time soon to become a settler at Powder Point and the ancestor of a numerous family of that name, was bound to Edward Winslow; and Henry Sampson, a lad of six years at coming, was under the care of his cousins Edward Tilley and wife, both of whom died in that first grievous winter, while the youth Sampson had been at this time a year married, and was to become the ancestor of a numerous family, — though not of all bearing the name. The one person of this class whom Bradford singles out for commendation is John Alden. He tells us that he was hired for a cooper in Southampton, where the "Mayflower" fitted, "and being a hopeful young man," he adds, "was

RESIDENCE OF DR. IRA CHANDLER.

much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came here [to Plymouth]; but he stayed and married here," and what that marriage with his fair Priscilla produced, the genealogical tables of numerous descendants abundantly make plain.

We can imagine Alden now explaining to Partridge, the new minister, how he was pursuing his trade in Southampton when the "Mayflower" came round from London with such of the Pilgrims as had gathered there to join in the voyage; and to these Londoners we can probably trace the London designation of landmarks, which in my boyhood were and perhaps still are familiar in this town, — Blackfriar's Brook, Billingsgate, Hound's Ditch, and the rest. Alden could tell how the little "Speedwell" had followed her into port for the rendezvous, freighted with the heavy souls made indeed the lighter for the benedictions of Robinson. He would tell of the conference there, when he first came in contact with the noble spirits among whom his life was to be cast; of the trials which he saw them endure as the merchants whom they had trusted for succor turned their backs upon them; of their departure at last, and of their fears of the smaller ship; their return to Dartmouth for repairs, their venturing again, their seeking a harbor once more at Plymouth on the Devonshire coast, their abandonment of the "Speedwell," their final start with all that the "Mayflower" could hold crowded in her narrow quarters, their voyage and its mishaps. He could tell of the beam of the deck sprung out of place by the storm that forced them to take in every sail, and how they succeeded in raising it into place by an iron screw which they had brought from Holland; how John Howland by a lurch of the ship had been hurled into the sea, and by good luck rescued to live many years, as Bradford

says in describing the incident, and to become "a profitable member both in Church and Commonwealth."

You remember they were bound under the patent which they had received from the Old Virginia Company to find land somewhere in the neighborhood of Hudson River, perhaps on the Connecticut, perhaps on the Jersey coast; and it is almost equally certain that they had with them the map of the New England coast which John Smith had made when he examined its bays and headlands six years before, and had later published with the native names displaced by the English ones marked by Prince Charles on the draught which the engraver followed. So when at last they sighted land they knew it by the description to be the sand-hills of that point which was called on Smith's map Cape James, after the Prince's royal father, but which the mariners who had been on the coast before, — and they had such among the crew, — told them was nevertheless known by those who frequented the region for traffic with the Indians by the designation which Captain Gosnold had given it eighteen years before, when he was surprised at the numbers of fish which he found thereabouts, and called it Cape Cod. As soon as it became evident where they were, they turned to the south to seek the place of their destination; but before long getting among the shoals off Nauset, and fearing that after all their tribulations they were running too great hazards to proceed, they turned once more northward, and rounding the head of the Cape came at last to anchor in the shelter of what we know now as Provincetown harbor.

I fear that the visitor, who stands on yonder hill and reads inscribed on the base of that monument the names of those who came in the "Mayflower," associates them all with that Faith which is typified in the statue above

them; but the scrutiny of the historian can lay his finger upon more than one name in the list which stands for little of that sublimating virtue, for such names belong to men thrown fortuitously among them, — hired men, or forced into the company by the cupidity of the merchants who backed their undertaking on its mercantile side. There were honorable exceptions among this class of the "Mayflower" company; and we can see here in John Alden, John Howland, and George Soule those whose hopefulness of character made them soon take on the Pilgrims' spirit. But with John Smith's map spread out before them on the deck of the "Mayflower," and finding that stress of weather and the lateness of the season had rendered it necessary to cease the attempt to find a haven within the privileges of their patent, and that they were brought beyond the pale of the delegated authority which that patent vested in their leaders, on territory not within the bounds of such necessary control, — it was then that mutterings from some at least of these same hired men and apprentices, eager to make the most of their freedom which chance had seemingly given them, made it necessary to draft that immortal compact, wherein by the subscription of all this band of exiles, in the very spirit of their religious independence, took on themselves the power of a body politic, fit to govern themselves and compel the subjection of any that were evil disposed. Look around this little group, and see who among them are left of those that signed that fundamental example of constitutional government, — William Brewster, Miles Standish, Edward Winslow, John Alden, John Howland, George Soule, — all here in Duxbury, and all except Soule men of the first consideration in the colony, of whom Alden was destined to be the latest survivor of all the signers, including the four others then living in

Plymouth, — Bradford and Stephen Hopkins; with two of less consideration, — Francis Cooke and Edward Doten.

As a student of American history, I have often thought that of all the documents connected with that theme there were two I would give most to see. One is that early draught of the New World, making part of a map of the four quarters of the earth, drawn by Leonardo da Vinci, who of all men seemed easiest to stretch his vision to the periphery of all knowledge and of all mental capability, — drawn by Da Vinci, and bearing upon it, so far as existing original records can demonstrate, the written name of America, for the first time in human history. That paper it was my fortune, some years since, to gaze upon, in the cabinet of the Queen at Windsor. The other document, transcending for us even in interest this of Da Vinci, — not that I would measure any name upon it with his in its superlative glory, but that they are significant, for us at least, above all others in the history of constitutional government, — is this bit of paper which bears this business-like and comprehensive compact, this germ that has grown till the branches of the tree have covered a vast continent, this experiment which has riveted the attention of students of political science everywhere. But, alas! no one of this generation, no one of any generation within our record since the first comers themselves, has looked upon it; and even to this little group, which we are, as it were, among to-day, and which may be now recalling it, it doubtless never had any interest beyond the few months when, as a temporary expedient, it served them as the foundation and guaranty of their liberties.

Thus have we stood in our communion face to face for a while with these builders of a people's fame; and as

the sun goes down and they separate for their homes, — Winslow, we may be sure, remaining for the night with Standish, for he must accompany him to Plymouth in the morning, — we can ponder on their fidelity to the characteristics of race which they had brought with them from the Old World, giving never a thought to the ideas which have so perplexed the modern students of institutional history as to the origin of the methods of local government with which they were to be so soon clothed, and falling into the ways of that little democracy, the New England town, as easily as traditions are exemplified in conduct, and experience moulds what inheritance suggests.

And so the night fell upon the little community. The reddened sky of the west had paled in the gloaming. The full orb of our satellite had risen above the beach, and the moon-glade trembled athwart the bay. Tread lightly with me as we enter the habitation of their sainted Elder. Pause with me as we see him at his solitary devotion. The glimmer of the eastern herald quivers on the lifting waves of his thin and silvered locks, as the gentle air from the tide enters the window of his chamber. Governor Bradford, his most reverent disciple, has told us of the singular felicity of invocation which belonged to this pious man; and I seem to catch the cadence, far off and musical, of that tremulous voice, —

> Father, near to all thy creatures,
> Howe'er distant is their lot,
> With thy vesture falling round us
> And thy mercies failing not, —

In our exile have we planted
Precious seed upon this soil,
And are waiting for the harvests
To be garnered for our toil;
In our living are our crosses
Kneaded by thee like to leaven,
For we know that we are pilgrims,
And our dearest country, heaven!

Give this people, as thy chosen,
What of chastisement they need,
That for them thy gentle finger
Stanch their bruises as they bleed;
May their best endeavor prosper
As they buckle for the fight,
If they move along the pathway
On the stepping-stones of right.

Let not all the noonday visions
Which their proud ambitions form,
With the hopes of coming glories
Which on eager spirits swarm,
Make them heedless, as they wander,
Of thy never-erring grace,
Of thy hand that e'er sustaineth
In the lifting of a race, —
Make them heedless of the glory
Of the Lord and all his hosts,
Till they barter Zion's mountain
For the littleness of boasts.

Grant them solace in this midnight,
Groping for thy garment's hem,
Watching in Orion's glory
For Jehovah's diadem!

Brilliantly rose the sun on the next morning. Standish and his guest were early astir, and as they stood on the bank above the tide the two formed a picturesque group. Winslow, despite the cloak and the peaked hat and the matchlock upon which he leaned, had something of the air of the courtly gentleman, as we see it in that portrait which hangs to-day in Pilgrim Hall, — the only indisputable likeness which has come down to us of a "Mayflower" pilgrim. Standish wore his leathern doublet, his broad band athwart his breast sustaining that sword of the Oriental inscription along its blade which has puzzled modern scholars, his hose above his buckled shoes disclosing the ribbed muscle of his calf. He handled nervously the fowling-piece, which the inventory at his death shows us was found among his effects, and which came easily to his shoulder as he sighted a flock of dipping crows among his young corn. The harried birds rose flapping, and flecked the sky as they surged away to the tall clump of whitewood trees which gave the name of Eagle's Nest to the vicinity of Elder Brewster's homestead, and some of whose gaunt and bleached trunks I remember to have heard in my youth old people say that they recalled. Coming along the lower slope of the hill three persons approached. Two of them were Thomas Prince, who lived within sight, and Timothy Hatherly, who had come from Scituate, both knowing they could find passage in the Captain's boat.

Here then these four with Collier, — who lived also within sight, but was debarred coming, — constituted the larger part of the Court which was this day to decide important questions for the little colony in Plymouth, where the Governor and John Jenney, the other assistant, were expecting their coming. Hobamok, the Indian who

for sixteen years had been an attendant upon Standish and a companion in his wanderings, joined the group, as he carried the head of a wolf which he had recently killed, and which he was taking to Plymouth to claim his reward of five bushels of corn. The magistrates entered the boat, Hobamok pushed at the prow, there was a prolonged grating of the keel, and as the little craft slid off into deeper water the sail was hoisted, and in the fresh southerly breeze she bore away towards the channel over against Clark's Island. On its welcome shore two at least of this little company had landed from the "Mayflower's" shallop on that fearful night in December, 1620; when, entering by the Gurnet's nose in a driving snow-storm, they barely succeeded in bringing their reeling boat under the lea of this island, where they passed two days and held their first religious service. Standish and Winslow might well remember the explorations of the next day, when they discovered that they were on an island. They could tell the others how they had recourse to Smith's map to see where they were. Before they left the "Mayflower," then lying in Cape Cod harbor, that map had told them how over against them on the mainland was a harbor with a considerable island in it, since Smith had so drawn it, and Prince Charles had called the spot Plymouth. The name could but have reminded them of the Devonshire Plymouth, the last English port they had left. But Smith, as we now know, had not made the only map of the harbor which had been engraved before this. There is no likelihood, however, that the Pilgrims ever knew any other. Hobamok may well have remembered Smith's visit, and that of Dermer, who only the year before the Pilgrims came had been in the harbor to find that between Smith's visit and his — an interval of five

CHURCH OF THE FIRST PARISH.

years — a plague had swept off, hardly without an exception, the native villages which were scattered around the bay. Dermer had brought back to his native woods Hobamok's old rival for the good-will of the English, Squanto, who had been kidnapped by one of Smith's captains, and had had a little experience of civilized life in Europe in the mean time, and had acquired some knowledge of English, which gave him at first a certain advantage over Hobamok.

The other map to which I refer was Champlain's, which he made on a visit in 1605, quite within the memory of Hobamok; but the Pilgrims would probably have been as much surprised as their Indian friend to learn that while they were in Leyden a map of their harbor had been issued in Paris, in 1613, — not very accurate to be sure, but still as near the truth as the explorer's maps of that time were likely to be.

We may imagine our Captain's boat long before noon making her way where the deepest water lies, and bumping her stem against the very rock on which this same exploring party, whom we have thought of on yonder island, had landed, when on Monday after their Sabbath's rest they touched for the first time the mainland of the harbor. It is altogether improbable that Standish and his companions, landing there again as we may suppose on the 17th of June, 1637, had any suspicions that the nameless boulder on which they stepped would become historic, — such at least is the inference which we may naturally draw from the absence of any mention of it by any of the Pilgrims themselves. As they passed from the landing up the way which now bears the name of their Leyden home, the memories of that first winter might throng upon them. Here on the left what recollections clung to the Common House, built in their first

month! How up this incline they dragged the great guns from the "Mayflower" to mount them on the hill! Standish could tell how at one time he and Brewster, and four or five others, were the only ones left able to succor the many sick. Winslow could tell how he went to yonder hill across the brook to meet Massasoit, and to make through Squanto's help the treaty that brought peace between the English and the natives, and kept it for fifty years. Up the slope of the hill Standish could see the spot where he had first built his cabin; and close at hand was Alden's early home, before he had removed and built his house at the Bluefish, in Duxbury. Beyond and above stood the level-roofed fort with the cannon upon it, — not the same in appearance as it had been, for it had just been strengthened and enlarged, since there were rumors of war, as we shall soon see.

The magistrates stopped at the door of the Governor's house, where two halberdiers stood without, making a suitable state for the little colony on its court day. Standish, we may be sure, got the salute which he claimed, as with the others he entered the house. It was not long before, in the Governor's study, — for Bradford's inventory shows that his books were not few, and his nephew tells us of the room which contained them, — the dignified little Court proceeded to "handle business," as the phrase with them went. It is one of the remarkable phases of Plymouth Colony, that with very little of the paraphernalia of a code of laws they set to work to develop a practical autonomy, which answered every purpose through the seventy years of the colony's independent existence. Judge Story refers to the brevity and the fewness of their laws; and while allowing for the narrow limits of the population and the scant business of the colony as being in some measure the cause of it, he

contends that this simplicity was in a large degree owing to their reliance upon the general principles of the English Common Law.

What the magistrates did during the meeting to which we have now brought them is a fair example of their ways in legislation, as done in this all-sufficient court of the Governor and five "justices of the peace of our sovereign lord the King and assistants in the government," — as the record reads. To understand the significance of all that was done at this meeting, while they make to this town the grant running after the fashion of the time, "to be holden of our sovereign lord the King, as of his manor and tenure of East Greenwich in the County of Kent," with a due reservation of gold and silver ore, — to understand this consummation, we must take for a moment a view of the somewhat broader relations of the colony, and see how these contributed to hasten, or at least to make compatible with existing circumstances, the incorporation of Duxbury.

We remember that as the Pilgrims began in their excursions by land and water to know the country better, they had gradually come to doubt whether on the whole they had been wise in the selection of a spot for their settlement. It was greatly in its favor, as they were aware, that the immediate country was without Indian occupants, since the plague had swept it so thoroughly; and they could but rejoice in the friendly sentiments of the Wampanoags, their nearest native neighbors, and of Massasoit their chief. Still the soil they ploughed hardly gave the promise which they saw in it on that bright day when, after landing on the rock, their exploring party strayed back into the land and found "divers cornfields and little running brooks," which seemed inviting even under a winter's aspect. In the

seventeen years during which their acquaintance with the country, then as now called New England, had been widening, there was no region into which they had pushed for exploration and trade that on the whole pleased them so much as the valley of the Connecticut. Not long after the settlement of Boston, seven years before this, a sachem of that country had come to the Massachusetts people and to Plymouth, with an invitation to send colonists among his people. It turned out, indeed, that the Pequods, who lived not far off from this sachem, were making inroads upon the tribes of the Connecticut, and that the latter were more in want of allies than of neighbors, though they did not profess it. The Massachusetts people declined the invitation; but Winslow, then governor of Plymouth, had heard from some of his own adventurous people, who in their pinnace had been up the river to trade, of the goodness of the soil and of the otherwise pleasant look of the valley. The Plymouth governor was enough satisfied with the proposal to visit the country himself, whence he brought away favorable impressions. There were rumors at the time that the Dutch from Manhattan were intending by occupation to enforce their right to the territory; and to prevent this was held to be of so much consequence, that Winslow and Bradford had gone to Boston to urge a joint occupation by Plymouth and the Bay. Winthrop, however, pleaded various reasons in opposition, among them poverty, — which in the light of the meagre treasury of the older colony was not very convincing. So the Plymouth people were left to organize the enterprise alone, and to send out a vessel laden with the frame of a house, and to set it up on the river as the beginning of a trading-post. The Dutch, however, had anticipated them, and as the Plymouth vessel approached

the site of the modern Hartford, the Hollanders turned the cannon of their fort upon it; but they hesitated to fire, as the little sloop pushed boldly by. At a place above, where is now the town of Windsor, the adventurers bought of the Indians a tract of land, and erecting their house they began trading for furs. There were later symptoms of animosity on the part of the Dutch, but it did not go to the length of violence; and we know not how much the old-time relations of the two peoples in Leyden may have had to do with the forbearance.

Already the success of the Windsor settlement had begun to turn the eyes of the Plymouth people to the more inviting bottom lands of the Connecticut. We have seen how, because of the increase of their cattle and flocks, they had in search of pasturage made in the first place summer sojourns along the Duxbury side of the bay, which were naturally soon converted into permanent abodes. By 1632 it had become desirable for these distant worshippers to think of organizing a church for themselves, which was permitted under Brewster's paternal care; but the Court insisted that settlers so far distant from the protection of the Plymouth fort should be, every man of them, armed; and in a short time their houses were palisaded, and a considerable defence of this nature was built across the entrance to what we know as the Nook. We find, in 1632, Standish, Prince, Alden, and Jonathan Brewster signing an agreement to return to Plymouth in the winter. It was thus early with the formation of their church that Duxbury became the first offshoot from the Plymouth stock. The church at Scituate was the second, in 1634, though from the greater remoteness of that region it was given its civil independence a year earlier than Duxbury.

I have referred to the apprehension which Bradford felt, that this scattering of the people might hazard the principles which had bound them together, and which had so far governed them. That many shared Bradford's distrust was evident from the growing conviction that the greater fertility of the Connecticut valley might support their population more compactly. So the Connecticut experiment was closely watched for the chance it might offer of a general emigration from the more sterile region about Plymouth Bay.

It soon became clear that there were causes which were to prevent the fulfilment of any such scheme. It became, in 1635, plain that the Massachusetts people were conscious of having made a mistake in allowing Plymouth to gain a footing in that attractive region. Winthrop confesses it when he says that neither the Dutch nor even other English must be allowed to establish themselves there. In the struggle which the spirit of this acknowledgment rendered inevitable, it was evident that the greater population of the Bay was equal to the same task which in our day the North undertook when they measured their strength with the South in the colonization of Kansas. When the Dorchester migration, in 1635, set towards the Connecticut the struggle was begun, and the migration under Hooker soon followed. The attack was reinforced when the new Connecticut patentees sent vessels up the river with other colonists. The Plymouth people could not mistake the warning which their agent, Jonathan Brewster, a Duxbury man, sent to them, in July, 1635, that the new-comers were occupying the land all about the Plymouth trading-house, — land which Plymouth had bought of the natives, and had taken possession of in due form. Remonstrance was in vain, both there by

their agents and at Boston by their magistrates; and in March, 1636, the Massachusetts people delegated powers for a year to magistrates appointed to govern their new colony of Connecticut.

Now for a moment look at what was doing in Plymouth and Duxbury, in this month of March, 1636. There had become so general an apprehension of the risk attending the scattering of settlers round the bay, — and the remedy would become more imperative in case the Connecticut lands should allure large numbers, — that the matter was referred to Standish and other leading men whether the Plymouth and Duxbury people should not abandon their present settlements and unite compactly at Jones River, or at Morton's Hole, as the region lying neighboring to the present roads from Duxbury to Kingston was called. The majority voted for Jones River, where Kingston now is, but we have no record that anything further was done. The reason seems to have been that the Connecticut question was approaching an issue. Winslow had been sent to Boston to adjust the dispute; but delays ensued, till finally Plymouth saw that the struggle was a hopeless one, and in May, 1637, Thomas Prince was empowered to make for a consideration a formal transfer of their Connecticut lands — with the reservation only of a small portion lying about their trading-post — to an agent of the Connecticut people. "Thus," says Bradford, "the controversy was ended; but the unkindness was not so soon forgotten." Thus, too, now that the settlements about the bay were not to be depleted for the Connecticut migration, it became a necessity to give those on the Duxbury side the form of an incorporation.

Bradford's reference to the lingering feeling of distrust which Massachusetts had forced upon the weaker

colony, had its manifestation very soon in the way in which Plymouth met the appeal of Winthrop to afford his people some help in the war which they quickly found the ambitious Pequods were bound to wage. It was not the first ground of affront which Plymouth had against the Bay Colony, and they gave its magistrates a pointed rejoinder. They reminded them of a few years before, when the French had dispossessed the Plymouth people of a trading-post on the Kennebec, how Massachusetts had refused to join out of common interest in an attempt to recover it. They reminded them how they had virtually dispossessed the Plymouth people of their lands on the Connecticut; and as if remembering how Winthrop had covered his refusal to join them in the Connecticut occupation by pleading poverty, the Plymouth magistrates now found that the same excuse could stand them in as good a stead.

But the interests of the two peoples were too much intertwined for any permanent estrangement to exist, especially as renewed letters from Massachusetts had shown that a common cause in defending the Narragansetts against the Pequods was becoming more and more a necessity.

Thus it is that the first business done in this Court of the Plymouth magistrates which we are now watching, was action taken on a further urgent request of Winthrop. Accordingly, the record tells us that a force of thirty men, with as many others as may be needed to manage the barque, shall be sent under Lieutenant William Holmes — the same who sailed his sloop past the cannon of the Dutch — to assist those of Massachusetts and Connecticut in their wars against the Pequods in "revenge for the innocent blood of the English, which they have barbarously shed." They also chose by lot

TOWN HOUSE AND PARTRIDGE ACADEMY.

Mr. Thomas Prince to accompany the party as counsellor to the Lieutenant. There is much else spread upon the record, of the necessary provisions which the expedition required, including a list of such as volunteered for the service. It was significant of the years that had passed since the "Mayflower" touched these shores, that among these willing soldiers appear the names of the child Henry Sampson, now a man of twenty-three, and Peregrine White, now a stripling of seventeen, who had been born in Cape Cod harbor. It is enough to add that a quick stroke mainly on the part of Connecticut put an end to the war, the news whereof arrived in time to prevent the starting of the Plymouth quota.

We may imagine for the next business the whole story of these recent events to be gone over in the discussion which followed the introduction, very likely by Standish, of the order for the incorporation of the new town. There may have been an enlargement upon the justice and necessity of the case, upon the passing of the opportunity which might have rendered necessary the drawing of the scattered population closer together, if the Connecticut migration had been consummated; but though Bradford as governor made the necessary minutes of the meeting, he has not preserved to us more than the vote, which we are this day assembled to commemorate. "It is enacted by the Court that Ducksborrow shall become a towneship, and unite together for their better securitie, and to have the pv'eledges of a towne; onely their bounds and limmits shalbe sett and appoynted by the next Court."

And so Duxbury became one of those little democracies which have made New England what she is; for

her failings as well as virtues can be traced to them. Such as it is, citizens of Duxbury, one of these little democracies is your heritage. You have met to-day to authenticate your title to it, and to pass it on to coming generations.

The following poem, written for the occasion by Miss Lucia A. Bradford, of Duxbury, was then read by Rev. Mr. Knapp:

OCCASIONAL POEM.

The memories of to-day,
They take us far away
To times long gone;
To times of toil and care,
To scenes where joys were rare,
To times of scanty fare,
To us unknown.

But here were homes more true,
Miles Standish, far to you,
Than England's halls;
Though Winter's storms were drear,
Though savage foes were near,
Yet there was Pilgrim cheer
Within your walls.

The Mayflower's perfumed air
Bore up the Pilgrim's prayer
For labors blest;
In Autumn's chilly dew,
Our flower of heavenly blue,
Rose Standish, bloomed for you
In peace and rest.

The blue birds in the Spring
Sang their sweet welcoming,
To rouse and charm;
Where first John Alden came;
Their haunt is still the same,
Still bears its Pilgrim name,
"John Alden's Farm."

Here rose the precious fame
Of Elder Brewster's name
And works of love;
From want and woe to save,
And the blest hopes he gave,
Of rest beyond the grave,
In Heaven above.

NOTE.— The Fringed Gentian blooms about the Standish Place in October. It is well known that the Bluebird returns, like the Robin, to its old haunts from year to year, and the same nest is occupied for generations.

DINNER.

After the exercises in the smaller tent were closed, a procession was formed for the dining tent, which was a much larger one and had a seating capacity of eight hundred. The two tents were separated by only a small space, and both were pitched on what is called the "Baker" field, within the grounds of Mr. George W. Wright. All the seats were at once filled, and the varied colors of Odd Fellow and Grand Army uniforms, blended with those of ladies' dresses and the more sober hues of masculine garb, made the scene a brilliant one.

On the right of the President sat his Excellency, Oliver Ames, the Governor of the Commonwealth, Hon. George B. Loring, Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, Hon. William T. Davis, Hon. Stephen M. Allen, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Hon. Matthew H. Cushing, L. Miles Standish, Esq., Hon. Mellen Chamberlain and Charles Deane, Esq. On his left were Justin Winsor, Esq., the Orator of the Day, Hon. John D. Long, Hon. H. J. Boardman, Hon. Charles

J. Noyes, Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Adjutant-General Samuel Dalton, Col. Wild of the staff, Col. Abbott of the staff, Rev. George M. Bodge and John Alden, Esq.

A blessing was asked by Rev. George M. Bodge; and after the excellent dinner served by Harvey Blunt, of Boston, had been disposed of, William J. Wright, Esq., the President of the Day, in a speech necessarily brief, on account of the early departure of the trains, again welcomed the sons and daughters of Duxbury to the festivities of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its birth. He then announced as the first sentiment:

"The Commonwealth of Massachusetts — Great in all that makes a great state; her history goes back from son to sire until the foundations of her glory, the virtues of the Pilgrims, are reached."

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR AMES.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I bring you the most cordial congratulations of the Commonwealth, that you have joined the ranks of those communities which have reached the venerable age of two hundred and fifty years. I need but refer in general terms to those elements which have made this town what it is, and have caused its influence to be felt far beyond

its borders. Your ancestors, the founders of this place, were of the Pilgrim stock. They were bold and brave to adventure and strong and patient to endure, and such their descendants have ever been. Go where you may in this broad land, you will find traces of their blood and evidences that the character inherent in them still exerts a powerful influence on the affairs of the time.

During the period from 1620 to 1640, twenty-one thousand men came to New England. They were men of intelligence and learning, were possessed of property, and had large experience in affairs. They brought with them £500,000, which was equal to $2,500,000 of our money, and at that time equivalent to $15,000,000 of our present currency. They brought with them, too, and established here all the great reforms which were only secured in England by two revolutions, one of which was consummated by the king losing his head upon the block. In the other the king lost his crown. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, there were not seven million people who spoke the English language, nor were there seventeen millions who spoke it at the commencement of the American revolution. To-day it is spoken by over one hundred millions of people, and it would seem that it and those institutions of which we are so proud are in the near future, as the age of the world is reckoned, to become universal.

To-day this quiet nook of the New England coast seems but a small place when compared with the rest of this broad land; but we know that locality is accidental, and it matters little where such a community is located. It has been, it now is, a nursery of manly men and fair women. Its industries may be primitive in character and limited in extent; but it is important that the old principles of uprightness of conduct, of honesty of

purpose, of righteous living, should be nourished and exemplified as they are fostered and shown forth in these little retired places, in which was planted a germ which has developed into a mighty growth, and which cannot die unless the Nation dies also.

At the risk of seeming to glorify myself, I will add that I have a personal interest in the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your town. I, too, am of Puritan stock, and I glory in my ancestry. Ruth Ames, from whom I am descended, daughter of the great Francker professor, William Ames, came to this country in 1637 to marry Rev. Edward Angier. Thus, you see, this is my two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, also. A year later, in 1638, William Ames, from whom also I am directly descended, came to this country and settled in Braintree. May we not assume, with almost absolute certainty, that they knew Standish, and Alden, and Bradford, and Brewster, and Priscilla Mullens, and all the other Pilgrims whose names and memories have come down to us as precious heirlooms?

It has become too much the custom to belittle the fame of our forefathers. What if they were crabbed in temper and soured in disposition? The times in which they lived were "out of joint," and they, in spite of all their shortcomings, when measured by the standards of to-day, were far in advance of their time. Let us look more to their excellencies and less to their faults; let us consider not what were their defects, but what were their virtues, remembering that we may find in their conduct much to admire and to imitate, and that if we emulate their virtues we shall be both better citizens and better men.

ALMSHOUSE.

The next sentiment, "THE ORATOR OF THE DAY," called up Justin Winsor, Esq., who made an exceedingly appropriate response by exhibiting to the audience and presenting to the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, through its President, Hon. John D. Long, a well preserved copy of a translation of Seneca, printed in 1614, which once belonged to Elder William Brewster, and containing his autograph.

Besides the autograph of Elder Brewster, the book contains those of William Peirce, the captain of the ship "Ann," which came to Plymouth in 1623, of whom the Elder bought it, and of Alexander Standish, son of Miles, who bought it of Love Brewster, the son of the Elder.

The President then gave as the next sentment:

"THE CITIZEN SOLDIER OF THE UNION — Fearless in defending his country's flag, under the white wings of peace his record in civil life has proved him worthy of the country he saved."

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY B. PEIRCE.

Mr. President:

A modest Bostonian said to his friend in Chicago, who asked why it was that there were so few Trinitarians in Boston and so many Unitarians—that he could make no explanation except that, having been born in Boston, there didn't really appear to be any reason why one should be born again. Now, I was born in Duxbury; and, after all the good things that have been said of Duxbury to-day, all of which I cordially endorse, there does not really appear to be any reason why I should be born again.

Patsy Dolliver was the worst boy in school, and was called up for punishment so frequently that he came to take it as a matter of course that he was the guilty party whenever the teacher sought to fix the responsibility for any misdemeanor. One day the teacher indulged in a series of general questions to the whole school, and began with "Who discovered America?" Patsy was not paying particular attention — he never was — but surmised that mischief had been done and that castigation awaited him; so rising from his seat, he shambled down the aisle with his hand to his eyes to conceal his tears, and made answer: "Please, sir, I did, but I won't do it again."

Mr. President, if you should propound the question to-day, "Who was born in Duxbury?" I should rise with pride — instead of following Patsy's example — and answer, "Please, sir, I was; and if I am to be born again, I prefer to be born right here in old Duxbury," notwithstanding the fact that only the first four years of

my life were spent here, my father having moved away — against my wishes — at the expiration of that time; (whether because he feared that I might in after life reflect discredit upon the town, or for some other reason, I know not). He was born in Scituate, and all before him back to Capt. Michael Peirce, who settled there in 1670, and who commanding a company of Scituate men, was killed, together with nearly every member of his company, in a battle with the Indians at Attleboro Gore, near Pawtucket, R. I., in 1676. The historian records that "they fought with a bravery worthy of Thermopylae," and since that time no member of the family has ever felt called upon to perform any special deeds of valor. Seriously, my friends, it is something to have sprung from the loins of the Old Colony, something which should nerve every descendant to bring out the best there is in him, in his daily life, whether his pathway be in the humbler or in the higher walks.

Little we realize of the sacrifices which our ancestors made for principle, or of the trials through which they passed, but they laid the foundations of the best government the world has ever known, and they did it all without hope of, or desire for, any reward other than the approval of their own consciences, and this brings me to the sentiment with which you have honored me, Mr. President, "The citizen soldier of the Union." It was a proud privilege in which we, "the boys of '61," participated, that of defending a country so nobly planned and reared. Satisfaction enough that we were permitted to share in the grand triumph at last. Pay enough, the consciousness that we did our whole duty in the position to which we were assigned, so that every comrade except he be disabled or in need,—and for such too much cannot be done,—should hesitate before alloying his services

to his country with claim for other recognition, whether it be in the form of a pension for service merely, or exemption from the application of any law of the land; in so doing he *shall* prove worthy of the country he saved, as thoroughly as he proved long ago that he was fearless in defending its flag.

Go with me, as I close, back to that olden time, when the fires of liberty burned as brightly as now, and listen to the quaint words of the Pilgrim preacher, and the laconic response of the Pilgrim soldier. "Know ye, brethren, what in this land smelleth sweetest to me?" said Elder Brewster. "It is the smell of liberty. This soil is free—no man hath claim thereon. In Old England a poor man may starve right on his mother's bosom; there may be stores of fish in river, and bird and fowl flying and deer running by, and yet, though a man's children be crying for bread, and he catch a fish or snare a bird, he shall be snatched up and hanged. This is a sore evil in Old England; but we will make a country here for the poor to dwell in, where the wild fruits and fish and fowl shall be the inheritance of whoever will have them; and every man shall have his portion of our good mother earth, with no lords and no bishops to harry and restrain, and worry with taxes and tythes."—"Amen, brother," said Miles Standish, "and thereto I give my best endeavors with sword and buckler."

At the request of the President, the following ode, written for the occasion by Mrs. C. W. Bradford, was then read by Rev. George M. Bodge:

ORIGINAL ODE.

Two centuries and a half have rolled
On their eventful way,
Since June's bright morning ushered in
Our "Old Town's" natal day.

Born in the purple of the hills,
A lineage high she boasts;
Her coronet, the rainbow's arch,
Her sponsor, Lord of Hosts.

Bending above her cradle bed,
Heaven's canopy of blue;
In reverent silence, night presents
Her caudle-cup of dew.

A royal heritage she owns,
Fresh from the Maker's hand;
Her birthright on its sacred scroll
Claims — Freedom on sea and land.

August, serene, she sits to-day
Upon her emerald throne,
Wearing no impress of the storms
Her old, old years have known.

No trace of age is on her brow,
The heaving earth rolls on;
But each New Year her brave old face
Grows fairer in the sun.

Nursed in kind Nature's lap, her sons
Grew sturdy, strong and brave;
Strong to throw off the galling yoke
Thrown o'er her, 'cross the wave.

They kept the Sabbath, kept the Fast,
With a religious awe;
Reaching in faith the Promised Land,
Which Israel's leader saw.

Where'er we turn, some emblem still
Of those stern men we see,
Upon the guidon of whose hearts
Was written "Liberty."

O! Mother of a race like these —
And is thy fame no more
A memory of the men who lived
And died along thy shore?

No! When again the "Fiery Cross"
Sped onward through the land,
Her ancient blood, untainted still,
Sprang up to grasp the brand.

The loyal stream runs clear and pure
Beneath the heart's firm shield;
Witness their untried valor,
On many a stricken field.

Her wanderers in other climes,
In memories, strong as death,
Long through her forest paths to roam,
To scent the Mayflower's breath.

The song of Peace is swelling now
O'er rock, o'er hill and tree,
To where the sailor's "Bethel-light
Shines Eastward o'er the sea."

Then fling aloft her stainless flag,
Let every starry fold
Float outward o'er her swaying pines,
As in the "Days of Old."

Immortal Mother! who hast fed
Her children on her breast,
In love immortal ever waits
To fold them in her rest.

The next sentiment, in honor of the President of the United States, had been postponed to this period of the dinner, in order that the Governor and his party might take an early train to Boston. It was as follows:

"The President of the United States — Ruling under the law, he is a fitting representative of a free people, which yields him willing homage and unfaltering support in the execution of his duty."

Hon. John D. Long was called on to respond for the President.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN D. LONG.

Mr. President:

I cannot respond to your call better than by reading the following letter which you have just handed me:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, June 12, 1887.

William J. Wright, Esq., Chairman, etc.:

My Dear Sir — I find awaiting me, on my return from a short vacation, your kind invitation to attend the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the incorporation of the town of Duxbury, on the 17th instant. This occasion cannot fail to be an interesting one to all immediately concerned, and they are to be congratulated upon the fact that their locality represents so much of American history, and permits them so impressively to note the growth and prosperity of our history. It would give me great pleasure to join you in your celebration, but other engagements and my official duties here will prevent my attendance.

Thanking the committee for kindly remembering me at this time, I am yours, very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

I have no doubt the President regrets that he is not here, for two reasons: first, because he would enjoy the occasion; and second, because, like our own Governor, he makes better speeches than anybody can make for him. He is of New England descent, and his best qualities are those he derives from his Puritan ancestors. Though some of us differ from him in politics, we recognize that he has the courage of his convictions. We certainly approve his countermanding his recent order concerning the rebel battle flags, — for, had it stood, it

STONE BRIDGE OVER BLUE RIVER AND OLD MILL POND.

would have recognized the Southern Confederacy by restoring to it the very insignia of its treasonable organization.

As President of the Pilgrim Society, — an office which, let me say, would have been much better filled by the appointment of some antiquarian of scholarly research, like Mr. W. T. Davis, who is here, — I thank Mr. Justin Winsor, the eloquent orator of the day, for the book he has just presented to the Society, which is a translation of Seneca (1614) and which was formerly the property of Elder William Brewster.

I am glad to be with you this day, and to pay my tribute to the soil made sacred by the feet of Standish, Alden and Brewster. Duxbury has been a patriotic town from the beginning. In the Revolutionary War, and in the recent sad Civil War, her record is a bright one. Nor is there a more significant feature in this day's exercises than the presence of your Grand Army Posts, who teach the coming generation the lesson of the citizen soldier's patriotism. All honor to the veterans who, marching in your procession, stand for the grand sentiment of nationality — of charity, fraternity and loyalty.

These are good days that take us back to the spirit of the Fathers. It is a good thing to learn their lesson of individuality — of every man's making the most of himself rather than making the least of everybody else; of the value of personal character, — sure that if each man, whether rich or poor, attend to his own conduct and do his own duty, as a citizen and a man, the general order of society will take care of itself.

The President then gave as a sentiment:

"THE LEGISLATURE — Under the free choice of a free people, it voices public opinion, and by the fidelity and publicity of its acts ensures public liberty."

SPEECH OF HON. H. J. BOARDMAN,

(President of the Massachusetts Senate.)

The Legislature of 1887 is closed. Its records are complete. The wisdom of its acts must be determined by the people at large. The best test that can be applied to them, is the test of experience. This can only be done in the future. I may therefore, without impropriety, omit a discussion of matters which more properly will be conducted by others and elsewhere. I have confidence that the legislative measures of the current year will, in an important sense, voice public sentiment and furnish additional safeguards to public liberty.

When I received your invitation to be present on this occasion, I doubted the propriety of accepting it. I felt painfully ignorant of the history of this old town. I could recall but two facts concerning it. One was, it was celebrated for its marvellously fine shell-fish, and the other, my friend Messenger Hollis lives here. In my despair, I applied to a trustworthy gentleman of Boston, a native of this town, and asked him what Duxbury is celebrated for. He replied, "for beautiful women." Since he is an excellent judge, I had no hesitation in adding this as a third fact, for are not brave men naturally associated with beautiful women, because "none but the brave deserve the fair?" Were it other-

wise, they would be recreant to the memory of those illustrious ancestors, whose virtues have so vividly and so justly been portrayed by the orator of the day, — those ancestors whose industry, stern courage and Christian fortitude have inspired the most eloquent words of Massachusetts' great orators and become famous in story and song around the world. With just pride can you to-day reverently reflect upon the lives of those men, who have so long slept the last sleep in the earth beneath your feet, and rejoice in the unequalled birthright that came to you from them.

Your soil, so far as I have examined it, does not impress one with its richness. It has too much sand to be easily mistaken for western prairie. Your forests do not tower sufficiently to awaken jealousy in the breasts of Californians, nor occasion fear that the reputation of their "big trees" will be overshadowed. If you "tickle the earth with a hoe," instead of "laughing with a harvest," I fear the resulting mirth is forced and artificial. But you have compensations. If you have sand in your soil, you have also sand in your men. You have health and vigor in your air, that bring no unnatural roses to your cheeks, and you have that vitality which the winds and waves of the Atlantic waft to your coast. While many of you "hold the fort" and guard the hearthstones and firesides of the old town, others reared here, as in a nursery, have spanned the continent with their enterprise, and carried the energies, that first woke to life here, into comprehensive usefulness in business and professional life. How dear to those who have gone, as well as to those who remain, are the scenes you behold around you now! Every familiar homestead, nay, each familiar stone and tree come back from the "long ago" with their story of "auld lang syne." The

arduous struggles Nature has here imposed on you, you welcome. Gladly you say:

"Leave to the soft Campanian his baths and his perfumes,
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre their dye-vats and their looms;
Leave to the sons of Carthage the rudder and the oar,
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs and scrolls of wordy lore."

The difficulties, the poverty, it may be, which you have encountered, have developed you and made you strong. Out of this sterile soil have sprung the highest virtues of the race. It has placed its mint and superscription upon the character and life of the people from ocean to ocean. The task involving most difficulty or anxiety most attracts and interests us. The object we attain through toil and tribulation kindles an attachment and enthusiasm, not equalled by purposes achieved without effort. Therefore, the sharp economy, the unremitting labor, extorted from you by absence of natural advantages, do not render the place of your birth or adoption distasteful to you. It holds for you a stronger tie than more favored localities do for their inhabitants. Beautifully has an English poet illustrated the love of the Swiss for their bleak Alpine homes:

"Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill, that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, whom scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to his mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

Homage and loyalty to birthplace and ancestral home are conspicuous in the character of great men. Daniel Webster was wont to make an annual visit to the old

log cabin, which his father raised amidst the snow drifts of New Hampshire. Macauley relates that Warren Hastings, when a boy of seven years, on a bright summer day, lying on the bank of the rivulet which flowed through the old domain of his ancestors, which had passed into the hands of strangers, formed a scheme to recover the estate of his fathers. "He would be Hastings of Daylesford." This purpose formed in infancy and poverty he never forsook. "When under a tropical sun he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long, public life had closed forever, it was to Doylesford he retired to die."

Men of Duxbury: Your ancestors who came across the sea were of a race who dwelt in a country, the possession of which was due to a valor born of patriotic devotion to it, — a land which, through centuries of struggle and warfare, they successfully held. Your forefathers transferred their inherited loyalty here, and you do well to celebrate this day in a place consecrated by Puritan toil and Puritan virtue — a day ever memorable as the anniversary of that other day, when American valor was vindicated at Bunker Hill. And while the wildest imagination cannot fitly portray the growth and development of our country, — its magnificent old cities and the multitude of new ones that will spring into being, the population of teeming millions, — two hundred and fifty years from to-day, yet the simple annals of this old town will not then be forgotten nor overlooked. Doubt not but your descendants will, two hundred and fifty years hence, gather by Duxbury Bay and pay their reverent tribute to the memory of the brave men and beautiful women of the ancient town of Duxbury.

The next sentiment was:

"MYLES STANDISH — The right arm of the Pilgrims; a better soldier than churchman, he proved the safety of the colony, and of men who were better churchmen than soldiers."

Hon. Charles J. Noyes, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, responded.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES J. NOYES.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF DUXBURY:

It is with no small degree of embarrassment that I rise to speak to the sentiment to which I am asked to respond. It is my usual lot to dine and speak in the name and on behalf of the House of Representatives, for whom I have often eaten, when I imagine they would have preferred to have done that service for themselves. But I should do violence to my feelings on this occasion, if I did not say a word in answer to the sentiment proposed. Myles Standish stands in your history as the type of noble manhood and good citizenship, from whose example we may all draw a lesson to-day. The sterling men of that time realized the great work they had to accomplish, and set about it with a devotion we may well imitate. They felt they had the solemn and responsible task of building human government, founded on high principles and constructed to endure for a long time. They, we are sometimes told, endured hardships and privations, — had nothing of enjoyments and none of the modern improvements of our age. I cannot so con-

sider them. They gave no thought to such themes; they found no time for idle sport; they were engrossed in the graver cares and nobler plans of life. They gave themselves wholly to the higher duties of citizenship, to caring for interests which were to affect those who should inherit the blessings they left after them; and so they did not feel the want of luxury and comforts to be a deprivation. And this celebration of their deeds, this recalling their memories, as we gather at this table and participate in these services to-day, will, indeed, be a benefit to us, if thereby the noble lesson of their example is impressed upon us, and we go hence to do and live like them. Let us take to our memory and hearts the solemn admonition of this scene, and lifting ourselves above and beyond the narrow ruts of our common daily pursuits and selfish purposes and ambitions, do what lies in our power to help forward the upbuilding and ennobling of our grand old Commonwealth. So shall we, in our day and generation, act well our part, as did these noble men of old, and leave behind us memories worthy of a true, free and patriotic people; and the day we now celebrate will be blessed in all time to come.

The President then announced the next sentiment:

"The Town of Duxbury—The memory of the faithful and self-reliant men who laid their hearth stones in this town two hundred and fifty years ago has not been effaced from our hearts. Their dwellings have crumbled, but the work they did for civil liberty is witnessed in the broad spread of the institutions of lib-

erty, self-government, education and humanity. Though born on a narrow island their enterprise, and that of men like them, has given a continent to their descendants."

Hon. George B. Loring, of Salem, whose father, the Rev. Bailey Loring, of Andover, was a native of Duxbury, was called on to respond.

SPEECH OF HON. GEO. B. LORING.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The elaborate and appropriate toast to which I am called upon to respond, brings us to a warm and grateful recognition of the spot on which we have assembled. I have listened with great admiration to the rehearsal of the record of Duxbury, as a part of a great historic community,—to the philosophical thought which her annals have inspired,—to the honorable distinction she holds as the home of those whose lives form a vital portion of the social and civil work performed on this continent,—to the heroic age with which her name is so proudly connected. I have been brought to a true appreciation of the fact that Miles Standish stands as a type of what an American soldier may be, and began in our history a line of military heroes, which now boasts of the deeds of the Revolution and the heroism and valor which saved the Union in the civil war. I have realized how noble an example of the good citizen, the wise magistrate, the pious christian, John Alden, presents to all who study our early Colonial history, and to all who would serve their state and town as he did. The toil and

LOOKING NORTH FROM THE GEORGE LORING HOUSE.

trial and devotion of that band of devoted men and women who founded here a church without a bishop and a state without a king, have been brought before me with new enthusiasm, and have filled my mind with new delight, my heart with new love. The charming discourse to which we have listened this morning from the historian of the town—a discourse I am free to say as admirable as any work of that kind I myself have ever performed in my long and repeated service as centennial orator,—has taught me once more the value of great and noble qualities in establishing the worth and renown of a community, and how superior to material success are the influences of courage and honor, and self-sacrifice, and devotion. The historic Duxbury we have been called on to admire, and her name and fame, have won our respect and esteem, as we love and honor the country in which we live. And this is the Duxbury which belongs to the Commonwealth and the Republic; the Duxbury of Puritan renown; the Duxbury of great commercial enterprise; the Duxbury whose young men rushed to the war for independence, and rallied to defend the Union against the arm of the destroyer; the Duxbury of great faith and patriotic service.

For myself, however, Mr. President, this town has another side, to which I proudly turn with the same emotions as attend the memory of our childhood's home. In my youth this was my playground. When I had wilted beneath the severe discipline and long hours of the old academy at North Andover, where I was born, I always sought health and strength in the sea air and sea sports of Duxbury. The promise of a visit here would revive my drooping spirits at any moment of depression. The warm welcome which my father always met in the circle of his relatives and friends here, brought the town

very close to my heart, and gave me the feeling that here was my home. The kindness I met here was constant and genuine. The sincerity and earnestness of the place were charming. How often have I joined a party of pilgrims in an excursion to the beach, led by the venerable pastor, who partook of all the joys of his people, and soothed them in all their sorrows. The family names here became household words. I knew well the spot from which Judge Sprague went out upon his honorable career, and served his country so well as a lawyer, jurist, and statesman, with his fascinating and commanding presence, with his sonorous and musical voice, and his glowing eye not then quenched. To me the name of Alden signified not the fair and youthful pilgrim, the wise magistrate, the venerable patriarch, alone, but the husband of Priscilla Mullins who joined him in transmitting to my family that freshness and beauty which my grandmother, Alathea Alden, inherited and bestowed upon my father and his family as that legacy which we have all endeavored to preserve and cherish. To my youthful ear the sound of a hundred hammers in the early morning hours when a day's labor began at sunrise and ended with the summer's sunset, was a music which I can never forget, and which we shall probably never hear again. A Duxbury ship was to me a barge of beauty; and whatever achievements may be made in naval architecture, the names of Sampson, and Weston, and Drew, and Frazar, and Loring, and Winsor will outshine, in my mind, all the McKays and Curriers, and Halls that ever launched a ship on the Merrimac or the Mystic, or on the shores of Noddle's Island, and will share with John Roach the fame of those American ship builders whose vessels defied the storms of ocean, and resisted the destructive tooth of time. The smooth surface of this land-

locked bay, this calm and quiet sea on which I launched, as a youth sets forth on the sea of life, to find my way at sunrise around the Gurnet to the broad and swelling ocean, to return at noontide laden with a fare which seldom in these days rewards the fisherman along the waters of Massachusetts Bay, is a charming picture still. No voyages for health or pleasure have ever equalled these. And the long ago weary strolls across these marshes, in which my gun was too often idle and I got more exercise than game, will always remain in my memory as the most heroic achievements of my life. But I look in vain for my fellow-fishermen now. The music of those hammers is still. The old shipyard in which I used to play,—I saw it this morning—not a chip, or timber, or spar, or plank there, but a luxuriant greensward where grass is growing for cattle, and herb for the service of man. And yet my playground is here, and I grow young under the influence of the old associations which gather around me. It is pleasant to recall the influences which surrounded the young men of this town in those days of its commercial activity and prosperity.

An industrious life was encouraged by the necessities of the people and by the busy throng which occupied every shipyard, and by the natural decree that every boy should take his place on board ship as soon as he was able to go aloft. The communication which existed here between the mechanical industry of the town and the commercial world beyond, tended to enlarge the comprehension of the people and to expand their sympathies and interests. The ocean lying near with its fish and game and roaring surf, tempting every boy to brave danger and defy peril, strengthened the manly faculties and cultivated self-reliance and courage. The sturdy qualities of the Puritan still prevailed and life was dignified, thoughtful and

earnest. Comfort was to be found everywhere; luxury with its enervating influences was seldom met with. The religious sentiment, even while there was a diversity of creeds, was marked by liberality, fervor, and a broad humanity. In its blood, and labor, and culture, and social and civil organization, the town was essentially American. As Plymouth increased in population, and the influences which gather around a densely populated community began to be felt, Duxbury became its rural suburbs, and held in its care and keeping the genuine spirit of the Pilgrim. Municipal affairs in the town meeting, ecclesiastical affairs at the fireside, and in the meeting-house, were discussed as John Alden and Elder Brewster discussed them. And so Duxbury boys in their wanderings always longed to return to their old home; the merchants of Boston always spoke of Duxbury with an air of confidence, and I have often thought that the great American statesman was attracted hither not alone by the wide-spread marshes, and the sea, with their game and fish, and their imposing grandeur and mystery, but also by the manliness and puritanic strength of the people with whom he loved to associate—with whom he did associate so intimately that you can learn of Webster here as you can on no other spot on earth.

We are told that in the early colonial days the fathers connected the Plymouth colony with Trimountain, by a path known as the Massachusetts way. This highway passed through the town of Duxbury, and was traversed by her people who participated in the high debate in which Winthrop, and Alden, and Standish, and Brewster, took part. To this way I love to refer. For along its forest shades were discussed those great doctrines of church and state which give the Puritan his importance in the history of our country, and which inspire our people to pious and

patriotic effort on all trying occasions. The doctrines then discussed lie at the foundation of our government. The soldiers of the revolution traversed the Massachusetts way in their toilsome march for national independence; and the loyal legions of the North in their conflict for the union, passed along the Massachusetts way to the field of battle with the precepts of the Puritan inscribed on their banners and borne on the points of their bayonets to victory. With all this noble and heroic endeavor we associate the name of Duxbury, and I give you in conclusion:—

The spirit of Duxbury, may it long prevail; — the people of Duxbury, may they live long and prosper.

The next sentiment was as follows:

"Law and Liberty — The Siamese twins of modern civilization, they drew breath together in the Mayflower, and now reign from ocean to ocean."

Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, of Boston, responded.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY.

Mr. President:

I am compelled to return on the next train, and have but five minutes to address this company. I shall come to the point. As I rode along your streets to-day, I remarked the beauty of the women who clustered in the shade like wild roses, and waved a welcome to your guests. I have listened here for the stately orators who have preceded me to express their gratitude for this

courtesy to our sex, but, alas! with the shyness of youth or the caution bred of prolonged matrimony, they have only outpoured on the charms of Priscilla Mullins, who departed this life some time since. I am homespun, and pin my faith more on the humanity and womanhood of to-day than on that of a yesterday century.

If Priscilla were alive now, she would be two hundred and fifty years old, at the least; but the bright faces and sparkling eyes which shed their radiance on this scene, although not one tenth as old, inspire my tongue and warm my heart. Priscilla may have been passing fair for a seventeenth century girl, but this bevy of beauty are now reigning, by divine right, over the captured and magnetized soldiers and statesmen, citizens and orators, drawn together on this occasion. Ladies, believe me, we your visitors prefer your smiles even to the retrospective vision of your lovely ancestress who bloomed eight generations ago.

Progress is the law of this republic, and Duxbury has moved far to the front since 1638; but this celebration will challenge the future. Can A. D. 2087 surpass it?

As I rode to-day, the house of Judge Sprague was pointed out to me. That distinguished jurist and statesman your town may well regard as a jewel in her coronet. For many years I practiced law at the bar of the United States Court, over which he presided, and I know the respect entertained for his judicial abilities, for his unswerving integrity and clear perceptions. In his day and generation he was honored as one of those men who give stability to our institutions and credit to their native land. I cannot refrain from planting this sprig of acacia here in his native town as my tribute of respect to his memory.

I suppose I ought to say something about the Pilgrims and their hard times. The faint-hearted who returned told sad tales of the country, and the Fathers who stuck to the soil made an energetic defence against the imputations on the country. I was reading it a few evenings ago. The faint-hearted reproached this continent of ours with the unwholesomeness of the drink, and the ferocity of the mosquitoes! The old Pilgrims replied that they had not the wholesome and nourishing ale and beer of Old England, — that in truth their purses could not afford it, — but so far as the water was concerned, it was as pure and wholesome as any in England. As for the mosquito business, they replied that the man who could be scared off the continent by the mosquitoes, was not fit for a settler! Pretty good that for 1624. I have not seen a mosquito to-day. Evidently you don't save them for your centennial visitors. My time is up. I had better things to say, but I must keep them for your next centennial.

The next sentiment, responded to by Hon. William T. Davis, of Plymouth, was as follows:

THE PILGRIMS—

The path of duty was the beat they trod;
Their daily watchword was the word of God.

SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM T. DAVIS.

MR. PRESIDENT:

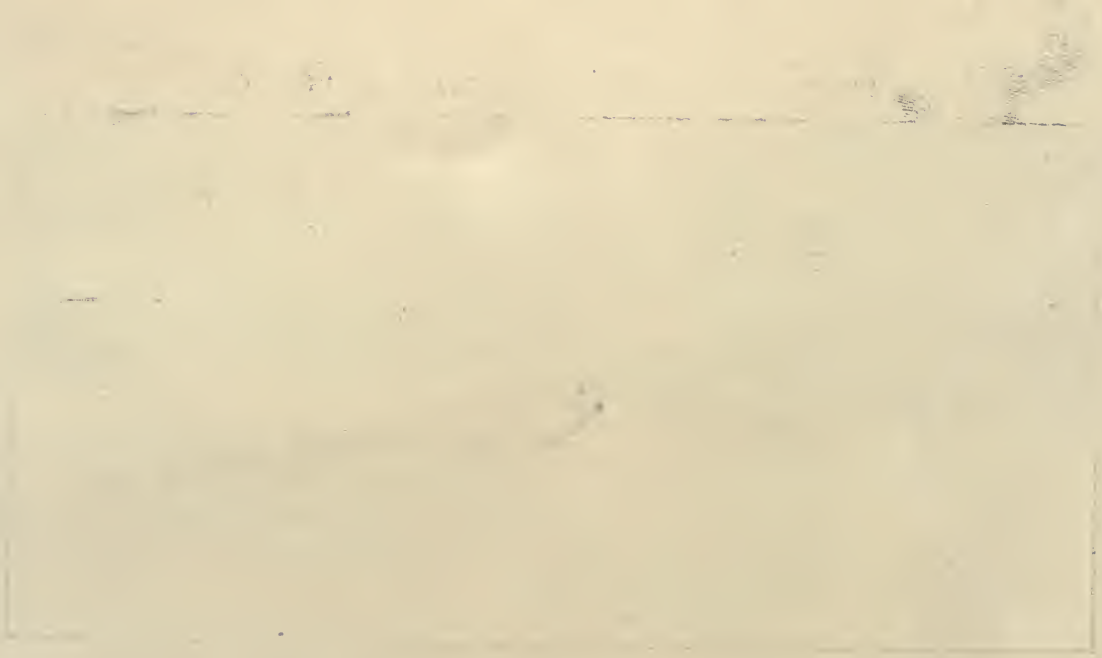
It occurred to me while listening to the admirable speech of His Excellency, that in claiming as he has repeatedly done, that he was not a speech-maker, he has

not been as honest and truth-telling as Governor Bagley of Michigan, whom I once heard tell a story concerning himself. He said that while running for Governor, as he was no speech-maker, he avoided, when possible, every occasion where he might be called on to speak. But on one occasion during the campaign he could not escape, and when called up told the audience that he was no speech-maker, that he could not make a speech, and indeed, never made a speech in his life, and then went on speaking ten or fifteen minutes and sat down surprised and pleased with his effort. At the close of the meeting, a rough broad shouldered man climbed to the platform and seizing him by the hand, said "Mr. Bagley, I have been a democrat all my life, but you are an honest man and speak the truth, and I am going to vote for you for Governor. You said you could'nt make a speech and darn me if you can."

I have accepted your invitation to join in this celebration as a compliment to my native town, to which I may perhaps be thought to have rendered an humble service in the investigation of its annals. In the performance of this service I have been introduced to the annals of your own town, whose earliest history was identical with ours. The memories of Brewster, and Standish, and Alden, are sacred to us both, while the names of Loring and Sampson, and Soule and Chandler, and Freeman and Holmes, and Drew and Bradford are as familiar to our ears as to yours. Plymouth sends its cordial greetings to Duxbury to-day and mingles its rejoicings with those of its child on this the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its birth.

But, sir, I justify my presence here to-day for a personal reason with which you and your townsmen are probably unfamiliar. I claim the honor, if honor it was—

LOOKING WESTERLY FROM BLUE RIVER BRIDGE.



and if not an honor, it was certainly a pleasure—of having selected your shore as the landing place of the Atlantic cable, which has made the name of your town a familiar one on both sides of the ocean. In conversation in 1867 or '68 in Boston with a gentleman who was acting as the confidential agent of the French company, he asked me what spot in my opinion would be a suitable one for the landing place of a new cable, which it was proposed to lay. It was desired he said to select some spot between Boston and Provincetown, but whatever spot might be chosen must not be disclosed until secured, lest obstacles might be thrown in the way by the company then in operation. After a few moments consideration of the various localities, I unhesitatingly answered Salthouse Beach. My answers to his further inquiries appearing to him satisfactory, he promised to come to Plymouth and from there visit the beach. He came the next week as he had proposed, accompanied by a director of the company, to whom he was unwilling to disclose my knowledge of the secret. I gave him directions as to his route to Green Harbor, and the name of a fisherman there, whom he might consult. He returned in the evening entirely satisfied with the locality and wished me to take steps to have a meeting of the town, to whom it belonged, speedily called, and if possible its purchase secured. I obtained from him permission to disclose the purpose of the purchase to the late Hon. Gershom B. Weston, through whose intercession the town was called together, but as the selectmen knew nothing of the scheme, the town was suspicious of some prejudicial enterprise and refused to sell. I then obtained permission for Mr. Weston to make the necessary disclosure to the selectmen, and at a second meeting, upon their recommendation, the sale was effected, and the landing place secured.

Thus Mr. President, if to Plymouth belongs the honor of having been in 1620 the landing place from the storm-tossed Mayflower of that little band of heroic men, who separated themselves from the hostilities of church and state, by which they were encompassed in the old world, and founded a nation in this western wilderness; to Duxbury belongs the later honor of having been in 1869 the landing place from that majestic fleet, which crossed the ocean propelled by a power the Pilgrims knew not of of that wonderful instrumentality, the offspring of two hundred and fifty years of New England civilization, which reunited the continents in bonds of friendship and peace. I know no period in the world's history, in which civilization so rapidly advanced and which was so fraught with blessings to man, as that of which these two landings marked the beginning and the end. Nor is it difficult to trace the connection between the two. To the Anglo Saxon mind unshackled and set free by those influences, which eminated from the settlement of New England, have been due that restless activity, that indomitable energy, that inventive genius, which have carried the world along so fast and so far, and of which the Atlantic telegraph is one of the most striking illustrations.

Mr. President, you have done well to celebrate this anniversary. It is profitable at times to release ourselves from the cares of the present, and the plans of the future, and to revive our memories of those noble men, to whom is due so much that the present gives and the future promises. We are too apt to look upon the civilization of to-day as the work of our own hands, and to forget that it is the culmination of successive growths in generation after generation from the seed our Fathers planted. The nation and the people who lose their reverence for the past and deride or ignore its lessons and

its work, can no more advance to the highest stage of progress and development than the buds of Spring can burst into bloom and ripen into fruit, when severed from the branch through which they have derived their sustenance and support.

"Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,
Are made our own;
Too long the world hath smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the ear,
By others sown."

I trust, sir, that your neighboring town on the north will not permit its anniversary year to pass without public notice, and regret that at a time when memories of the past should bind its citizens more closely together the project of dismemberment should have been seriously entertained. I sincerely trust that your own ancient town, with its hallowed memories and venerable landmarks, may forever remain, from Rouses' Hummock to Morton's Hole, and from Ashdod to Sodom, prosperous and contented, one and inseparable.

The President then called on Hon. Stephen M. Allen, of Boston, by whose active efforts the Standish Monument is approaching its completion, to respond to the following sentiment:

"Pilgrim Memorials — Let the sons of the Pilgrims encourage every effort to fitly commemorate in granite or bronze the manly virtues and heroic deeds of their sires."

SPEECH OF HON. STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The history of Duxbury would be incomplete indeed, without the close and constant intertwining of the names of Myles Standish and the Elder Brewster, whose illustrious lives have been so often referred to here to-day. Foremost was the former in all that pertained to the military watchfulness of the Pilgrims of Plymouth, or, in fact, the practical settlement, in a business sense, of all the surrounding towns of the colony. The latter led in all spiritual matters, and was one of the most liberal of the early Pilgrims, and decidedly less bigoted than many of the Puritans who settled later at Salem and Boston. Both Standish and Brewster enjoyed the perfect confidence of their associates during their whole lives, and were wonderfully attracted to each other. It was their warm personal feeling that led them to settle so near each other on farms at Duxbury Nook. Here they lived and died, and here still may be recognized the cellar walls of their respective houses. The grave of Standish, so long unknown, is now believed to be in the first burying ground, on a knoll at the site of the first church built at Duxbury, on the shore near what is called Morton's Hole, about half a mile south of Hall's Corner on the road to Kingston.

Both Standish and Brewster left children, and now have very numerous descendants living in various parts of the country. Reference has been made to families

upon both sides, as well as that of John Alden and the far-famed Priscilla. It is not strange that so great claim has been set up to-day for relationship to these illustrious forefathers of the hamlet. This, I suppose, of course is permissible, without charge of egotism, if only made personally prominent once in two hundred and fifty years. The claim to kinship has been carried to a high degree of pleasantry to-day before this audience, especially by the distinguished gentleman from Essex, who has not only affirmed that his ancestress, the fair Priscilla, was one of the best, but one of the most beautiful women of the colony. It would not become a Standish, of whom there are fine representatives present to-day, to run a tilt with the gentleman for such an honorable claim, — for a lineage from a knighthood of five hundred years would not dare, even in Republican government, to claim an honor belonging to the weaker sex. For my own family, so intimately associated by personal service and the intermingling of blood with that of Myles Standish, I shall yield no claim to valor through that relation, whatever may be the necessary and proper concessions to the beauty of the descendants of the patronizing wife of John Alden, her successful wooer.

Reference has been made to the Standish Monument now in process of erection on Captain's Hill, and great desire has been expressed to see it finished. I am now happy to throw some light on this subject which will clear the originators from any blame concerning the delay in the matter, and which the easier enables me, in their behalf, to commit the work to an appreciative public who will have the honor of finishing the structure. It may not be generally known that of the twenty-seven thousand dollars expended in carrying up the

monument seventy-two feet to its present height, twenty-five thousand dollars were furnished by five individuals, only one of whom lives in Duxbury, or the County of Plymouth. This sum was much more than they originally subscribed, and the probabilities of a still further advance from them was lessened by the personal loss to these individuals through the great fire and panic which followed, of more than a million and a half of dollars. Two individuals have since subscribed one thousand dollars each towards finishing the structure, and the town of Duxbury, and the public generally, are now deeply interesting themselves for its final completion at an early day.

As a last sentiment, the President gave the following:

"John Alden — His modesty has come down to his descendants honored in our midst. To be heard from, they must be asked "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Capt. John Alden, of Duxbury, a lineal descendant from John Alden of the Mayflower, responded in an appropriate speech.

The speeches at the dinner were interspersed with enlivening music from the South Weymouth, Randolph and Plymouth Bands, and the singing by Comrade William H. Gray, of the Plymouth Grand Army Post, of a piece entitled "The Sword of Bunker Hill," and at half past five the exercises closed.

LETTERS.

Besides the letter of the President of the United States, read by Governor Long in his speech, the following letters were received by the Committee of Arrangements, in response to invitations to attend the celebration as guests of the town:

From Hon. Robert C. Winthrop:

BROOKLINE, MASS., June 11, 1887.

W. J. ALDEN, JR., ESQ., Secretary:

DEAR SIR — I am honored and obliged by the invitation to the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Duxbury, on the 17th inst.

I regret that it will be out of my power to be with you, and I can only offer you my grateful acknowledgments and best wishes.

Yours respectfully and truly,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

From Hon. Edward S. Tobey:

BOSTON, June 9, 1887.

DEAR SIR — It affords me pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your complimentary invitation to attend the approaching celebration, on the 17th inst., of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Duxbury.

I greatly regret that circumstances will deprive me of the privilege of uniting with others in the exercises of this interesting occasion.

Identified as I have been with the history and people of this ancient town, as the home of my maternal ancestors, and in early youth with one of her educational institutions, and having been at a more recent period actively related to her commercial and ship-building interests, I am the more especially in full sympathy with the approaching important event, which will add another chapter to her already interesting history.

As I occasionally revisit these scenes of my youth, it is with mingled pleasure and sadness that I am reminded of the many intelligent and enterprising men who once gave their energies to its business interests, and with whom it was my privilege to be associated, but who now have gone to their rest.

Assuring you of my appreciation of the courtesy implied by your invitation, I remain,

Very respectfully, yours,

EDWARD S. TOBEY.

To WILLIAM J. WRIGHT, ESQ., Chairman, Duxbury:

From Rev. Edward Everett Hale:

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
BOSTON, May 24, 1887.

DEAR SIR — I have great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation for the celebration of June 17th.

Truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

STANDISH MONUMENT.

ITHACA, NEW YORK, May 31, 1887.

DEAR WINSOR — I am sorry to find that, after all, I cannot be at Duxbury. I have not here the address of the committee. May I ask you to forward the enclosed to them? Always yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

From Hon. John D. Washburn:

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY,
WORCESTER, MASS., May 23, 1887.

WILLIAM J. ALDEN, JR., ESQ., Secretary:

DEAR SIR — I am much gratified by your invitation to attend the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of Duxbury.

I am to leave this week for Chicago and the farther West. It is possible that I may not return in season to attend the celebration; but if I can, I shall certainly be there. It would be a great pleasure to listen to the address of my distinguished friend and Harvard classmate, Mr. Winsor, and to revisit scenes, familiar to me as a schoolboy, nearly forty years ago, and to which I have been ever since a stranger.

Nothing less than accident, or stern necessity, will prevent my being with you.

Very truly yours,

JOHN D. WASHBURN.

From Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter, D. D.:

CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, 1 Somerset Street,
BOSTON, June 10, 1887.

DEAR SIR — My father, Rev. H. M. Dexter, D. D., whom you have invited to the Duxbury celebration on

June 17th, sailed for Europe yesterday, and asked me to convey to you his thanks for your courtesy, and his regrets that he cannot take advantage of it.

Very truly yours,

MORTON DEXTER.

W. J. Alden, Jr.

From William Everett:

Quincy, May 4, 1887.

My Dear Sir — I have the honor to acknowledge your complimentary invitation to take a part in the Duxbury celebration on the 17th of June next. I have to reply that I am previously engaged for that day.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM EVERETT.

From Myles Standish, Esq.:

128 Broadway, New York, June 10, 1887.

My Dear Sir — I am greatly obliged for the tickets of invitation to the Duxbury celebration on the 17th, which I find on my return to this city to-day from an absence of some time.

It would give me great pleasure to be present at an occasion so historically and personally interesting, marking as it does one of the chains of events which made New England and, in fact, the country, what it is.

I shall make an effort to attend, and beg to express my appreciation of the courtesy of your committee in inviting me. I am, very truly, yours,

MYLES STANDISH.

William J. Wright, Chairman.

FIELD AND WATER SPORTS.

These were under the efficient management of Mr. Frederick B. Knapp, one of the Committee of Arrangements, and began at two o'clock, according to the following programme:

Field Sports.

Base Ball,	1st Prize,	$10 00			
Obstacle Race,	"	1 50	2d Prize,	$0	75
Throwing Ball,	"	1 00	"		50
Three-Legged Race,	"	2 00	"	1	00
220-yard Dash,	"	2 00	"	1	00
100-yard Dash,	"	1 50	"	1	00
Standing Broad Jump,	"	1 00			
Sack Race,	"	2 00			
Throwing 16-lb. hammer,	"	2 00	2d Prize,	1	00
Running Broad Jump,	"	1 00			
Running High Jump,	"	1 00			
Putting Shot,	"	1 50	2d Prize,	1	00

Water Sports.

Tub Race,	1st Prize,	$2 00	2d Prize,	$1	00
Walking Greased Pole over water with bare feet,	"	3 00			
Swimming Race,	"	2 00			

The judges awarded the following prizes:

BASE BALL.

Lawrence White, of Plymouth, Umpire.

To Plymouth Club, which won the game against the "Rangers," of Plymouth, . . . $10 00

OBSTACLE RACE.

J. Barrows, ... 1st prize, $1 50
J. T. Cushing and J. Coogan, . . 2d " 75

THROWING BALL.

Barlow, ... 1st prize, $1 00
J. Barrows, ... 2d " 50

THREE-LEGGED RACE.

J. Bowler and J. Coogan, . . . 1st prize, $2 00
M. Howard and J. O'Brien, . . 2d " 1 00

220-YARD DASH.

J. Coogan, ... 1st Prize, $2 00
J. T. Cushing, ... 2d " 1 00

100-YARD DASH.

J. Coogan, ... 1st Prize, $1 50
J. T. Cushing, ... 2d " 1 00

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

P. J. Fitzgerald, ... $1 00

SACK RACE.

M. Nelligan, ... $2 00

THROWING HAMMER.

P. J. Fitzgerald, ... 1st Prize, $2 00
J. Coogan, ... 2d " 1 00

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

P. J. Fitzgerald, ... $1 00

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

J. Coogan, ... $1 00

PUTTING SHOT.

P. J. Fitzgerald, ... 1st Prize, $1 50
J. Coogan, ... 2d " 1 00

TUB RACE.

J. Barrows, ... 1st Prize, $2 00
J. Bowler, ... 2d " 1 00

WALKING GREASED POLE OVER WATER WITH BARE FEET.

George Cobbett, ... $3 00

SWIMMING RACE.

M. Nelligan, ... $2 00

FIREWORKS.

At eight o'clock in the evening, a fine display of fireworks was exhibited, under the direction of Mr. J. W. Swift, on the hill upon the grounds of the George Loring estate, and gave great satisfaction. The display was enlivened by music of the Bands, and was a fitting termination to the out-of-door exercises of the day.

BALL.

The celebration closed with a ball in Duxbury Hall, which was well attended. Buffum's Orchestra, of Boston, furnished the music, and Harvey Blunt, of Boston, who furnished the dinner, was the caterer. The ball was conducted under the management of the following gentlemen:

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

William J. Wright, Laurence Bradford,
Frederick B. Knapp, Benjamin G. Cahoon,
LeBaron Goodwin, J. W. Swift.

FLOOR DIRECTORS.

Levi P. Simmons,
W. J. Alden, Jr., J. L. McNaught.

AIDS.

D. S. Goodspeed,
C. P. Dorr, J. W. Tower.

A concert preceded the ball, consisting of the following programme:

MARCH, "Anniversary," . . . . *Werner*
OVERTURE, "Orpheus," . . . . *Offenbach*
SCHERZO, "Natta," . . . . *Stromberg*

ORDER OF DANCES.

1. QUADRILLE, "Almacks," . . . *Strauss*
2. QUADRILLE, "Elk's Favorite," . . *Recker*
3. WALTZ, "Fedora," . . . . *Buccalosi*
4. PORTLAND FANCY, ... *Catlin*
5. POLKA, "Victoria," . . . . *Francke*
6. LANCERS, "Ruddygore," . . . *Sullivan*

SCHOTTISCHE AND YORK.

7. CONTRA, Virginia Reel.
   CIRCLE AND GRAND MARCH, "Czarinas," *Bennett*

INTERMISSION.

WALTZ, GALOP AND NEWPORT.

8. QUADRILLE, "Orpheus," . . . *Offenbach*
9. POLKA QUADRILLE, "L'esprit Francais," *Waldteufel*
10. QUADRILLE CALEDONIA, "Bells of Edinboro," *Catlin*

WALTZ AND YORK.

11. QUADRILLE, "Blue Eyes," . . *Stuckenlotz*
12. LANCERS, "Erminie," . . . *Jackobonski*
13. SCHOTTISCHE QUADRILLE, "Ideal," . . *Buffum*
14. QUADRILLE, "Mascot," . . . . *Audran*

With the ball, the festivities of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Duxbury were brought to a close. The celebration was happily conceived, liberally supported, and ably managed. During the day, the houses of Mr. George W. Wright and of the gentlemen composing the committee of arrangements were open to all guests, and the hospitality of the citizens was generous. The houses and grounds along the line of the procession were decorated, and every flag staff bore the flag of the Union. The sons and daughters of the ancient town, from far and near, were present to revive the memories of their early days. When in the year 1937 the three hundredth anniversary shall come round, this record will bear witness to those of other generations to the patriotic spirit of their fathers, and be an incentive to them to commemorate anew the virtues and deeds of the Pilgrims.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT OF JOHN S. LORING,

Treasurer of Celebration Committee.

Amount received from contributions and collections,	$834 82	
Amount of net sales of dinner tickets,	436 00	
Amount of town appropriation,	300 00	
Total amount,		$1,570 82
Amount of expenses, bills paid,	$1,516 10	
Balance in hands of Treasurer,	54 72	
Total amount,		$1,570 82

JOHN S. LORING, *Treasurer.*

Duxbury, July, 1887.

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PARTRIDGE ACADEMY.

The Partridge Academy was founded by Hon. George Partridge, of Duxbury, who died July 7th, 1828. Mr. Partridge was descended from George Partridge, who was among the earliest settlers of Duxbury, through his son John, born in 1657, and grandson George, born in in 1690. He was the son of the last named George, and was born in Duxbury, February 8th, 1740, and graduated at Harvard in 1762. He was a man of whom every son of Duxbury should be proud, and whose memory as a patriot, and statesman, and benefactor of his native town should be held in reverence. No man in the annals of Duxbury had a more distinguished career. After leaving college he taught school in Kingston and other places for several years, and then studied for the pulpit. The exciting times which preceded the Revolution brought him, however, into public life, and he never became a settled minister. In 1774 and 1775 he was a delegate to the Provincial Congress, and from 1775 to 1779 a Representative. From 1779 to 1785, with the exception of one year, he was a delegate to the Continental Congress, and from 1789 to 1791 a member of the Congress of the United States. From 1779 to 1814 he was High Sheriff of Plymouth County, with the exception of the year 1813, when the office was held by Albert Smith. His predecessor as sheriff was James Warren, of Plymouth, appointed in 1762, and his successor was Dr. Nathan Hayward, of Plymouth, appointed in 1814. His will, dated August 14th, 1823, contained the following clause:

"I give and bequeath to Rev. John Allyn, D. D., of Duxbury, Rev. Zephaniah Willis, of Kingston, Rev. James Kendall, of Plymouth, Samuel A. Frazar, Esq., of Duxbury, and John Sever, Esq., of Kingston, ten thousand dollars in the six per cent. stock of the United States, in trust, for the establishment of a school or academy in the town of Duxbury, and my will is that the said trustees and their successors keep the said sum at interest, and interest at interest, in some safe fund, the accruing interest from time to time to be received until by accumulation the fund shall be sufficient, in the estimation of the trustees, for the purchase of a lot of land and for the erection of a suitable building and accommodations for such school or academy, and for the support of the same respectably and advantageously, with such aid as may be derived from assessments on pupils received from other towns. And for the maintenance of said trust it is my will and direction that, upon the death, resignation or incapacity of any of said trustees, the remaining trustees shall forthwith supply such vacancy by their election; and when, by accumulation of the fund, it shall be thought expedient to establish and open said school or academy, the trustees then in being shall add two more to their number, making seven the full and complete board for putting this bequest into operation, and for the entire regulation and control of said institution and all its interests and concerns, the said board of trustees to fill all vacancies in their number occasioned by death or otherwise, by election to be made by the surviving or remaining trustees or a majority of them; and to obtain and receive corporate powers for all the purposes of the institution, if an incorporation shall be thought necessary or expedient.

In regard to the conducting of the affairs of said school or academy, I rely on the prudence and intelligence of the trustees, who will determine the objects and modes of instruction. My desire and intention is to provide in my native town for a higher degree of

instruction in the Mathematics, Geography, History, Languages, and other branches of good learning than the common schools supply, but not to provide a substitute for such schools so important to be constantly maintained. The trustees will therefore regulate the age at which scholars should be received in said school or academy. It is my direction that they be not admitted under ten years of age, and the trustees are at liberty to assign a different limitation, not exceeding twelve years of age, for the time of admission. They will also direct whether the institution shall be open for the reception of the youth of both sexes or be confined to boys. In regard to the location of the school or academy, my will is that it be in such part of the town of Duxbury as I may, in writing, under my hand designate and leave with one of the trustees above named; and if no such designation be left by me, then the location to be in such place in the town of Duxbury as a majority of the full board of seven trustees shall determine. I further will and direct that, in case of applications for admission into said school or academy being at any time beyond the regulated number, the applications from the town of Duxbury shall have priority; and scholars from said town shall be received and instructed in said school or academy free of assessment or expense, excepting fuel and for books, paper and other materials necessary in their education, and not belonging to the institution."

After the death of Mr. Partridge, application was made by the trustees to the General Court for an act of incorporation, and on the thirteenth of February, 1829, an act was passed entitled an "Act to Incorporate the Trustees of Partridge Academy in Duxbury." In 1830 Rev. Zephaniah Willis, one of the trustees, resigned, and Gershom B. Weston was chosen in his place. In 1834 George P. Richardson, of Duxbury, was chosen in place of Rev. Dr. John Allyn, deceased. In 1838 Rev. Josiah Moore, of Duxbury, was chosen

in place of Samuel A. Frazar, deceased. In 1840 Thomas P. Beal, of Kingston, and Benjamin Alden, of Duxbury, were added to the board, making the number of trustees seven. In 1843 the academy was built, and in 1844 it was opened. In 1845 Rev. George W. Briggs, of Plymouth, was chosen in the place of John Sever, resigned. In 1852 Seth Sprague, of Duxbury, was chosen in the place of Thomas P. Beal, deceased. In 1853 Daniel L. Winsor, of Duxbury, was chosen in the place of Rev. George W. Briggs, resigned. In 1854 Briggs Thomas, of Duxbury, was chosen in place of Rev. Dr. James Kendall, resigned. In 1857 Joseph T. Wadsworth, of Duxbury, was chosen in place of Seth Sprague, deceased, and Dr. John Porter, of Duxbury, in place of Gershom B. Weston, resigned. In 1862 George W. Ford, of Duxbury, was chosen in place of George P. Richardson, resigned, and in 1864 Dr. James Wilde was chosen in place of Daniel L. Winsor, resigned. In 1865 Hambleton E. Smith, of Duxbury, was chosen in place of Dr. John Porter, deceased, and in 1866 John S. Loring, of Duxbury, was chosen in place of Joseph F. Wadsworth, deceased. In 1870 Samuel Loring, of Duxbury, was chosen in place of Benjamin Alden, deceased, and in 1876 Elbridge H. Chandler, of Duxbury, in place of Briggs Thomas, resigned. In 1878 Rev. Frederick N. Knapp, of Plymouth, was chosen in place of Rev. Josiah Moore, resigned, and in 1887 John H. Parks, of Duxbury, and Frederick B. Knapp, of Duxbury, were chosen in the places of Samuel Loring, deceased, and George W. Ford, resigned. The present trustees are James Wilde, President; Hambleton E. Smith, Clerk; John S. Loring, Treasurer; Elbridge H. Chandler, John H. Parks and Frederick B. Knapp, of Duxbury, and Frederick N. Knapp, of Plymouth.

The teachers at present connected with the academy are Charles T. Jacobs, Principal, and Stella C. Jacobs, Assistant.

The present amount of the academy fund is $25,000.

THE MEETING HOUSE OF THE FIRST PARISH.

The First Parish of Duxbury dates back to about 1632, when a few of the Plymouth Colonists having obtained grants of lands "on the other side of the bay," had made Duxbury their permanent place of residence. In 1637 Rev. Ralph Partridge was settled, and preached in a meeting house near the water in the southeastern part of the town. Mr. Partridge died in 1658 and was succeeded by Rev. John Holmes, who died in 1675. Rev. Ichabod Wiswall was settled in 1676 and died in 1700. It is probable that up to 1707 the old meeting house was used, and that a new one was erected at the easterly end of what is now called the "old graveyard," near Hall's Corner. There was, however, an earlier burial place which, according to Mr. Winsor, "was a knoll in the southeastern part, at Harden Hill," near the old meeting house. In this first graveyard it is probable that Mr. Partridge and Mr. Holmes were buried. Mr. Wiswall was buried in the second graveyard above mentioned. Some evidence has recently come to light tending to show that Miles Standish was buried in the Burial Ground near Hall's Corner, and that the two three-cornered stones on the northwesterly side of the main path in the centre of the yard mark his grave. It is, however, quite probable that the graveyards in Duxbury have always been church yards, and that as often as a new site was chosen for the church a new yard was established. If this theory be correct, Standish was probably buried in the old yard near the first church at Harden Hill.

In 1702 Rev. John Robinson was settled, and in 1738 he resigned. In 1739 Rev. John Veazie was settled, and resigned in 1750. In 1750 the meeting house, built in 1707, was enlarged. Rev. Charles Turner was settled in 1755, and resigned in 1775. Rev. Zedekiah Sanger was settled in 1776, and resigned in 1786. During the ministry of Mr. Sanger, a new meeting house was erected in 1784–5 on the site of the present one, and the new burying ground adjoining it was opened in 1787. Rev. John Allyn was settled in 1788 and died in 1833. During the ministry of Mr. Allyn, George Partridge, of Duxbury, by his will bearing date August 14th, 1823, and its codicil bearing date November 28th, 1826, bequeathed the sum of $10,000 to trustees for the support of the ministry "in the First Congregational Church or Parish," and on the twenty-fourth of February, 1829, the trustees named in the codicil to the will were incorporated as "the Trustees of the Partridge Ministerial Fund in Duxbury."

In 1826 Rev. Benjamin Kent was settled as colleague to Mr. Allyn, and after his resignation, which took place in 1833, Rev. Josiah Moore was settled in 1834, during whose ministry in 1840 the present meeting house was built.

STANDISH MONUMENT.

This monument, now building under the direction of the "Standish Monument Association," is situated on the summit of Captain's Hill, which is one hundred and eighty feet above the sea. When finished, it will be one hundred and ten feet high, and be surmounted by a statue in stone of Miles Standish, fourteen feet in height.

"The ground for the site of the monument was dedicated with appropriate services, October 10th, 1871, and the first earth was broken June 17th, 1872. The corner

stone, with appropriate military and masonic exercises, was laid October 7th, 1872, in the presence of ten thousand persons, under the superintendence of Edwin Adams, Esq., and the work went on till the cold weather prevented further action. In April, 1873, the cutting of stone for the shaft was commenced, on the ground, from large slabs of granite, which had been prepared for the purpose, from the Hallowell Quarries. During the latter part of the summer, work on the octagon base was begun, under the direction of Nathaniel Adams, Esq., master of construction, which is now completed, and together with the portion of the shaft finished rises to the altitude of seventy-two feet from the base, or two hundred and fifty-two feet above the level of the sea. The stones used are massive, many of them weighing from three to five tons each, which when all set will make an imposing structure. The stones encircling the top of the octagon base represent the counties of the Commonwealth, suitably inscribed, while four sunken panels on the sides, each containing four stones, will admit sixteen names of the associates of Captain Standish in the great work accomplished by the Pilgrim Fathers. The inner room of the octagon base, which will be about twenty-one feet across by twenty feet high, is formed to receive tablets of religious, historical, masonic, and other societies, mechanical and mercantile associations, regimental and other military stones, while the whole inside of the shaft above, including the sides of the cone around which the stones circle, will be studded with the military company stones of this and other states, and such other tablets, individual or otherwise, as may be thought best to insert to commemorate and perpetuate the works and names of Captain Standish and his associates, in connection and contrast with the progress of

individual and collective efforts and advancement of the present day."

The officers of the Standish Monument Association, which was incorporated May 4th, 1872, are as follows:

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Duxbury
The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Duxbury